McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

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GRAND JURY RECOMMENDS SOME CHANGES

Improvements in Court House, Jail and County Home

WATER SYSTEM FOR COUNTY HOME

The Improvements in Most Cases are Minor Ones But They Deserve Immeidate Attention—Grand Jury Hands In a Detailed Report.

It is the duty and privilege of any grand jury of this Commonwealth after completing their work in the jury room, to inspect the county's holdings, principally for the purpose of ascertaining the condition of the buildings, how they are kept, and if those who are in charge of same are doing their duty as officials, and in consequence the grand jury that sat at the last term of criminal court at Smethport last week, compiled with this duty and made a complete inspection, offering many recommendations for the consideration of the commissioners of this county.

This body completed their work in the jury room on Wednesday evening, and met the next morning for the purpose of making the tour of inspection which consumed about four hours' time. The first place visited was the county jail and Sheriff Bain's living apartments, being escorted from place to place by this big, good natured official, who took pride in pointing out the many good points, and some that were not so good, of the jail and its surroundings. Mr. Bain is the first sheriff to occupy the living apartments in connection with the jail for some time, his predecessors having had homes in Smethport, consequently preferring them to that of the jail, but had a case taker who occupied these apartments. The jail proper was found to be in first-class condition especially the sanitary contrivances which exist and which are enforced to the letter by the sheriff and his assistants, in making all prisoners carefully follow the rules that are laid down to them relative to the way they must live and the sanitary condition of the cells they occupy. Mrs. Bain has the entire charge of the culinary department and from its appearance, and what the prisoners say, she and her assistants keep things in apple-pie order, besides providing plenty for them to eat. In conclusion we would say that during the short time that Sheriff Bain has been in office he has already made a good record for himself and with the co-operation of the other county officials we venture to say that when his time expires he will leave that office with a record that he may well feel proud of.

After leaving the jail quarters the jurymen were conveyed to the county home, which is in charge of Superintendent John Breneman, who took pride in showing the jurymen through the home and its surroundings. The living rooms, bed rooms, dining room, kitchen and laundry were carefully inspected, and all departments were found to be in first-class order, but the superintendent and his assistants were somewhat handicapped owing to a freeze in the water mains, and all water had to be carried for the use of the home for four days, and a temporary line was then being laid in order to get the proper supply of water. One of the most interesting features about the home was the stock and barns, the cattle and horses all being in fine condition and well cared for, while the hogs, chickens, etc., looked equally as well.

This concluded the duties of the jurymen at the home and they then returned to the court house where an inspection was made of same, many recommendations being made which is included in the following report:

Grand Jury's Recommendations.

We, the Grand Jury of the Criminal Coutr, held at Smethport, week of Feb. 26th, 1912, have the following recommendations to offer:

County Jail.

Repairs to plaster in reception room, due to leak in roof. New wall paper for reception room; painting, varnishing and other necessary repairs to wood-work in sheriff's living apartments.

Painting the iron work throughout the jail, including the women's department, which we found to be in a very unsatisfactory condition, the walls and iron-work needing special attention.

New floor in boiler room; a larger boiler for heating purposes—the one now in use being too small to heat the building properly—new additions having been built since the installation of this boiler.

A walk from the street to the jail kitchen—it now being necessary to tramp across the lawn to reach the kitchen entrance.

Decoration of walls in juvenile annex to jail.

We wish to express our approval of the clean and sanitary condition of our county jail.

County Home.

A water supply system adequate to supply all water necessary at all times of the year. We understand there is a point below the spring where a storage reservoir could be built at little expense.

We detected an unpleasant odor in one or two of the rooms, and we were advised that this was due to lack of water, it having been necessary to carry all the water used for the past four days—the pipes from the spring to the home being frozen at different points.

New coffee cups—a quantity sufficient to do away with the use of cracked cups, many being in use, which are very unsanitary.

More room and ventilation in cow barn. The cattle are in too close quarters for the prevention and spread of disease so often occuring among cattle.

Court House.

Sanitary drinking fountain in corridor to replace the one now in use, which does not meet with the requirements of the State Board of Health.

Repairs to the tile in floor in different parts of the building. We find places where they are loose and out of position.

Re-touching walls and wood-work in main corridor, including stairways.

Papering and painting sheriff's office, county clerk's office and recorder's office.

New linoleum in following offices: sheriff's, county clerk's and recorder's.

New index books for certain records kept in county clerk's office. Some of the old records are dim and almost unintelligible.

A larger vault be provided for recorder's office. The one in use is too small. We would suggest that an architect be employed to give his plans for a vault of the required size.

A new desk for sheriff's office to replace the old, out-of-date desk now in use.

An up-to-date adding machine for the treasurer's office. In our opinion this is necessary for the amount of work to be done.

Refinishing walls in petit jury rooms; washstand in western room.

Waste basket in court room library to receive soiled paper towels. These baskets should be provided in any other rooms where paper towels are used.

Wash basin in toilet room in basement.

Repairs to court house steps—the mortar is out in certain places. This should be replaced and repointed.

KILLED AT LEWIS RUN.

James Thompson Struck by an Engine Last Saturday.

James Thompson, an aged resident of Lewis Run, was fatally injured shortly after the noon hour, Saturday. He was crossing the tracks of the B., R. & P. railroad at Lewis Run and was pulling a handsled. He was deaf and did not hear the bell and whistle of a fast passenger train as it approached, says the Bradford Era.

The pilot struck the man and hurled him for some distance. Mr. Thompson was carried to his home where Dr. Egbert, of Custer City, gave him attention.

Dr. Egbert found that besides a fracture of one arm and one leg—the latter, in two places—he had sustained internal injuries. He was taken to the Bradford hospital in Koch's ambulance, but died shortly after reaching that institution.

The body was removed to the Koch undertaking room and prepared for burial.

Mrs. Thompson, the widow, who was visiting friends in Erie, was notified. She arrived home last evening.

CRIMINAL COURT NEWS.

Criminals Sentenced and Taken to Places of Detention.

The February term of criminal court finished business and came to a close last Friday afternoon. The cases disposed of after The Miner went to press last week were as follows:

In the case of the Commonwealth vs. Charles Duke, accused of plugging an oil well, the indictment was quashed.

J. C. Lewis of Kane, charged with adultery and with bigamy, pleaded guilty to both charges. On the adultery charge he was fined $50 and costs and five months in the county jail. On the bigamy charge the court suspended sentence and allowed the prisoner to go on his own recognizance until the June term. Bail was fixed at $500.

F. Zacco, who was charged with assault and attempt to commit rape, pleaded guilty to the lesser charge. He was fined $25 and costs of prosecution and sentenced to serve a term of six months in the workhouse.

Samuel and Leslie Sherwood, charged with aggravated assault and battery, were found not guilty and the costs were placed on the prosecutrix.

Tony Imogone, charged with assault and battery, was found guilty, and was sentenced to pay a fine of $100 and committed to prison until the fine is paid.

On Friday Judge Bouton pronounced other sentences as follows:

B. Atler, larceny, $10 fine, costs of prosecution and six months in the workhouse.

P. Donnelly, assault and battery, a fine of $25, costs of prosecution and nine months in the workhouse.

Thomas Demjonavc, assault with intent to kill, $10 fine, costs of prosecution and imprisonment in the penitentiary for not less than one year nor more than three.

George Demjonavc, assault, etc., six months in the workhouse.

On Monday Deputy Sheriff W. H. Morrison, County Detective E. W. Jones, County Commissioner A. M. Marsh and Attorney John Fitzgibbons of Bradford started for the Western Penitentiary and the workhouse at Allegheny with the six prisoners, Patrick Donnelly, Thomas Demjonavc, George Demjonavc, Salvatore Arceri, Fortunato Zucco and Bruno Atler, who were entered in these institutions to serve their respective sentences.

At a very early hour Monday morning Sheriff Bain discovered a couple of suspicious characters hanging around the jail and later that morning he learned from one of the prisoners in the jail that another prisoner expected help to get away before or at the time he was taken to Allegheny and therefore the sheriff called upon Detective Jones to accompany the party on the trip, thus making the escorting force larger than usual. However, no attempt was made to assist this prisoner and the trip was safely made.

A BON AIR BENEFIT.

The Travellers' Club is Arranging for a Meeting of This Kind.

A Bon Air benefit day is being arranged by a committee of the Travellers' Club. There will be an open meeting at the club house Saturday, March 16, at 3 p. m. Dr. James Johnston, of Bradford, will discuss the question, "What is Pennsylvania Doing for the Stay of Diseases?"

There will be a description of the Bon Air sanatorium and its work, also a paper on "Modern Philanthropy and Its Work," by Mrs. Guy McCoy.

All citizens are asked to give what they will, in the line of jellies, bedding, books and magazines, games, cash for purchasing milk and eggs, or any gift calculated to nourish or entertain the patients of Bon Air sanatorium.

Gifts may be left at the club house on or before Saturday noon, March 16, or by notifying Mrs. E. L. Keenan same will be called for.

For Sale.

My house furnishings of every description; all up-to-date and in first-class condition. Will be sold at a sacrifice, first come, first served.

Feb.29-tf DR. F. C. PIERCE.
Over Anderson & Carlson's shoe store

Wheeler, the eye specialits, will be in Smethport, at the Wright House, Tuesday and Wednesday, March 12 and 13. Examination and consultation free of charge. 1t

THE MEXICAN SITUATION IS VERY GRAVE

President Taft Does Not Think It Best to Interfere

AMERICANS IN DANGER AND FLEE

If the United States Does Not Take Action It Will Kill the Monroe Doctrine—France Threatens to Send Cruiser to Protect Her Interests and People.

Mexico City, March 5.—That the Mexican people would hold Americans and all other foreigners in Mexico and their interests here as hostages in the event of foreign troops being landed on Mexican soil, was the statement made to-day by Manuel Calero, minister of foreign affairs. He agreed with the fear voiced by Senor Ancona, Madero's private secretary that the first American soldiers to cross the border would be the signal for a massacre of Americans in Mexico.

"The government will not grant any requests from foreigners for arms," he said, "because we do not propose to have these foreigners kill our people. There is no necessity for destroying the responsibility for the death of any Americans. They and all their interests here will be held as hostages to insure this country from invasion by foreign troops."

The situation is growing worse hourly. American intervention is the topic everywhere. Many Americans are leaving and many are furnishing the transportation to their employees who wish to leave the city. Several prominent Americans called on President Madero yesterday to inform him that the Mexican government would be held responsible for any Americans killed. At their protest he laughed and waved them out, refusing to hear more.

The entire country is in a state of anarchy. The states of Zacatecas, Senora, Tabasco, Chiplas, and Oaxaca refuse to obey the federal government and it is reported that rebels are about to take Guadalajara, next to Mexico City in size. It is reported to-night that Consul General Arnold Shanklin will leave for Washington to-mororw to impress upon the state department the gravity of the situation and the extreme peril of Americans.

France Will Send Cruiser.

Washington, March 5.—Aroused by the admission by President Taft that the United States is not able to protect its own citizens or the citizens of other countries in Mexico, France announced to-day that she is making ready to send the armored cruiser Descartes to Vera Cruz. Action by France followed within three days after the state department had notified the ambassadors of Great Britain, Germany and France and the minister of Spain that all Americans had been advised to flee from Mexico. Unless America changes her course without delay, it was pointed out by diplomats in Washington to-day, that the action by France marks the beginning of the end of the Monroe Doctrine as a force respected by the nations of the world.

In recognition of this appaling fact it was stated to-night that the House committee on foreign affairs will discuss the situation fully to-morrow. The Senate committee on foreign relations will also hold a long and serious session to-morrow at which the threat of European intervention will be vigorously discussed.

Fuel is added to the already fierce flame by the incendiary threat of Manuel Calero, Mexican minister of Foreign Affairs, that all Americans and other foreigners will be held as hostages the moment a pacifying force of foreign soldiers puts foot on the "sacred soil of Mexico."

Opinion of Senators.

The subdued temper of official Washington is voiced by Senator Tillman when he said to-night: "The situation is one for the United States and Mexico alone. Should European nations attempt to intervene that fact will be cause for the immediate and vigorous assertion of the Monroe Doctrine. Should a massacre of Americans threaten, I believe that the patriotism of President Taft will direct him to send an army into Mexico."

"Whom the Gods would destroy, they first make mad," was the comment of Senator Robert L. Owens, when shown the threat by Minister Calero to-night. The alarm of the department of state was accentuated to-day by the fact that search as it will, it is unable to find a single trace of the fifty American citizens including Eugene C. Blalock, a wealthy mine owner, who are missing from Azarco. Great fear is felt that his entire party who were last seen in a neighborhood infested with bandits and irresponsible insurrectionists, have been massacred.

The situation of complete anarchy that exists throughout Mexico further illustrated by the alarming fact that thousands of Americans, taking the state department at its word, are fleeing, not only from the wildest country districts, but from the cities of Mexico as well.

A general exodus of American women and children is in progress from Mexico City itself.

TRAVELLERS' CLUB MEETING.

Educational Day, Last Saturday, Brought Forth An Interesting Meeting.

Last Saturday was educational day at the Travellers' Club and marked a very interesting meeting of this organization. In the absence of the chairman, Mrs. D. L. Forsythe, Mrs. D. C. Young presided over the meeting in an able manner.

Dr. W. P. Burdick of Kane presented a most excellent and thoughtful paper upon "What Should be the Attitude of the Public School on the Subject of Sex Relation?" dealing with the problem that has become so serious a question in the educational world, in a capable way. Principal Stanley Bright spoke briefly from the standpoint of the teacher upon the subject of the paper. He was followed by Mrs. H. L. McCoy with a discriminating paper upon the relations between the school and the home from the standpoint of the parent. Rev. J. W. McGavern, of the Methodist church, spoke upon education from the standpoint of the church, and County Superintendent Charles W. Lillibridge discussed the subject, "What is Education?" Fred D. Gallup gave a most practical talk upon the subject of "Education from the Viewpoint of the School Director." Rev. W. E. Van Dkye of St. Luke's church, was then called upon and commented briefly upon the various subjects of the afternoon. As would be expected the various speakers did not wholly agree with each other, but many excellent points and ideas were advanced and discussions started that must surely lead to good results.

A goodly number of the members and their guests were present. The guests of the club included the school directors, the teachers of the borough schools, the county superintendent and several representatives of the clergy; in fact, nearly all of those most directly interested in educational matters were present. Excellent refreshments were served by a committee of ladies and all those fortunate enough to be present felt that they had spent a profitable afternoon.

NOTICE TO FLOOD SUFFERERS.

Persons Holding Relief Checks Should Have Them Cashed at Once.

The report of the Austin Relief Association is ready for the printer, with the exception of the final statement. This cannot be completed until the vouchers for the checks are all paid. Some of the checks sent out over a month ago have not yet been cashed. There is still about $6,000.00 in checks, unpaid by the depositories. Persons holding checks of the Austin Relief Association must present them at once for payment. All outstanding checks will be canceled in the near future. The officers of the Association are anxious to close up the various accounts at the depositories, and to close the affairs of the Association, so that the accounts can be audited and the report published. The delay is due to the neglect of the persons to whom relief has been granted, in presenting their checks for payment.

G. P. DONEHOO, Secy.

AUTOMOBILE FOR SALE.

1910, 30-horse-power, five passenger automobile, fully equipped, for sale. Good bargain if taken before April 1. For particulars call at or address

THE MINER OFFICE,
Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for The Miner.

COUNCIL MEETING.

Very Little Business Transacted at March Meeting.

The regular monthly meeting of the Smethport borough council was held in the hose parlors last Monday evening. President J. C. Backus called the meeting to order at 8:17. Members present were Backus, Denning, Daly, Engstrom, Irons and Raymer.

The following bills were read and on motion by Engstrom, seconded by Denning, were ordered paid:

Frank McCarthy, police	$55.00
John Cremsle, street com.	60.00
W. B. Means, Mantles	6.25
Daly & Garlick, hardware	5.65
V. B. Bouton, retainer	12.50
Bell Tel. Co., telephone	3.55
C. F. Johnson, labor	1.50

Moved by Denning, seconded by Irons, and carried, that the secretary notify the Bell Telephone Co. that they can remove fire alarm telephone fronr Kushequa roundhouse.

Moved by Daly and seconded by Irons, and carried, that note of $500 and interest to date, of Mrs. Geo. H. Denning be paid.

Moved by Engstrom and seconded by Denning that salary of policeman be increased from $55.00 to $60.00 per month. Carried.

A communication from the Smethport Firemen's Relief Association was read requesting the borough council and burgess accept the companies comprising the Smethport Fire Department.

Moved by Raymer and seconded by Irons that the Smethport Borough Council acknowledge the Smethport Fire Department to consist of the following companies: Hose Company No. 1, Hose Company No. 2, Hook & Ladder Co., Chemical Co. No. 1, and Henry Hamlin Engine Co. Carried.

The fire alarm committee reported that before they could arrange for a satisfactory alarm system, Hon. H. Hamlin had arranged to donate a bell and tower for this purpose. The committee was discharged with thanks.

Meeting adjourned at 9:35 p. m.

BOY KILLED BY CARS.

Mt. Alton Boy Run Over Near His Home Last Saturday.

Raymond Ryan, aged 15 years, of Mount Alton, was run over by an Erie freight train near his home in that place on Saturday afternoon. The injured youth was brought to this city on the train that had fatally injured him and was conveyed from the depot to the Bradford hospital in Still's ambulance. Dr. O'Hern was called.

At the hospital it was found that one leg had been crushed just below the knee; the foot of the other leg had been crushed and one of the boy's hands had been mangled by the car wheels. He was also injured internally. At 10 p. m. the boy died.

The remains were taken in charge by Undertaker Still and prepared for burial. Yesterday the body was taken to Mount Alton.

The accident occurred almost directly in front of the boy's home. He had made an attempt to jump aboard the moving freight train and slipped, falling beneath the wheels.

Martin Wade, a flagman, who resides at No. 48 Thompson avenue, this city, in an attempt to save the lad's life, was also painfully injured. He was dragged about ten car lengths sustaining severe bruises and lacerations about the face.—Bradford Era

OUR POSTAL SAVINGS BANK.

One Will BBe Opened in the Smethport Postoffice April 1st.

Smethport is to have a postal savings bank on April 1st. That is the information received by Postmaster J. C. Gallup this week.

About two years ago these postal savings banks were started as a trial and they have been so successful in most places that they are being established in all parts of the United States.

Millinery for Winter.

My Millinery display for Fall and Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct thing in ladies' and children's headgear, call on

CARRIE CLARK.

Wanted.

A housekeeper at once. A middle-aged woman preferred. For particulars call or address.

W. H. SWORT,
Farmers Valley, Pa.
1t-p

Their Quarrel

Imogene came down the street with a stalking step and her chin high. She herself might have added that fire flashed from her eyes, but allowance must be made for Imogene's active imagination.

If one had transferred his gaze to the other end of the block one would have seen Imogene's duplicate stalking in the opposite direction just as haughtily. The duplicate was Jane. A few moments previously all negotiations between the two had been broken off abruptly by Imogene's darting to the ground the doll dress which was the subject of dispute and announcing that she hated Jane and never—no, not if she lived thousands and millions and trillions of years—would she so far forget herself as to speak to Jane Ann. So there!

Jane had glared. Then with shrill haste she had declared that, so far as she was concerned, she'd never speak to Imogene first if Imogene was the very last girl left on earth and never—no, never—would she come within miles of her hated presence if she could avoid it. After which began their progress down the street.

Wrath still darkened Imogene's brow as she sat down at the luncheon table.

"Don't you feel well?" inquired her mother in surprise.

Imogene regarded her mother in portentous silence. "Jane and I have quarreled," she said at last.

"Oh!" said Imogene's mother in relief. "I'm glad you're not coming

The Duplicate Was Jane.

down with anything. I don't see why you and Jane can't play without always having a fuss."

"Fuss!" repeated Imogene, indignantly and coldly. "This isn't a fuss—it's a *real quarrel*, an' I hate her and we're never going to be friends any more."

"I don't want you to talk that way," reproved Imogene's mother, with utter disregard of the seriousness of the occasion. "Don't put so much sugar on your berries!"

Imogene pushed the berries away. "I don't want 'em," she said. "I guess you don't understand. It isn't just a common, make up quarrel. I ain't ever going to speak first and she ain't——"

"Isn't," corrected Imogene's mother.

"Well, she ain't—isn't," resumed Imogene impatiently. "So, you see, we won't ever speak again nor be friends. We've been mad before, but not like this."

"You and Jane are eternally quarreling for the last time," said Imogene's mother easily. "I guess it isn't as bad as you make out. It isn't nice of either of you to act so."

Imogene set her lips. "We'll never play together again," she declared. "I can't like her any more when she's so mean and selfish. Why, she——"

"That'll do!" said her mother. "I've no doubt that Jane thinks you're the selfish one. I'd be ashamed."

"I used to like Jane," went on Imogene in a reminiscent vein. "I thought she was real nice. That was before she got so mean."

"What are you going to do this afternoon if you don't play with Jane?" inquired her mother.

"Dunno," grumbled Imogene. "I don't care if there isn't any one else in the world to play with but Jane, I wouldn't play with her! She never could be nice enough to me to get me to speak to her. Besides, I won't speak first an' she won't."

"I guess I can play without her," resumed Imogene after a pause. "I guess she ain't—isn't the only girl in the world. I can play by myself, I—"

"Ya-i-e-oo!" cut the air. The call came from the street.

"Ya-i-e-oo!" Imogene called back mechanically, turning toward the open window.

Imogene's mother for once did not reprove this breach of good manners. She seemed to have trouble controlling the corners of her mouth.

"Coming out?" pursued the outside voice.

"Uh-huh!" called Imogene abruptly from the table. "Did you bring your doll, Jane?"

Imogene turned on her mother as she departed. "Whatchu laughing for?" she demanded. "I guess we didn't either of us speak first. We just ya-i-e-ooed."

Rebellion

Billy sat on the extreme edge of the last stone forming the low wall bordering the grounds about his home. There was a lowering expression upon his face. Now and then he beat his heels viciously against the stones of the wall.

Around the corner swung Mrs. Donnell. Billy and Mrs. Donnell were chums, so she beamed and called "Hello!" as a chum should. Billy looked up from under his frowning brows and made no answer.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Donnell, pausing in surprise. "What's the matter with you this morning? Where's your laugh? And your dimple?"

Billy growled something and shifted around. Then he spoke with a great effort. "They've got—" He actually choked over the word. "They've gone and got a—a baby at our house!" He jerked his head toward what had been home to him. The expression of his face signified that his connection with the place was now completely severed.

"O—o—oh! I see," said Mrs. Donnell. She flicked the top of the wall with an absurd handkerchief and then sat down beside Billy. Her seriousness was very comforting. "No wonder you are excited."

"I'm not excited," contradicted Billy, flatly. "I'm mad. I don't want it. What good is a baby? Nobody, but—toned *my shoes for me this morning!*"

"Horrible!" sympathized Mrs. Donnell. She pulled one fat leg up on her lap and proceeded to remedy the defect in Billy's toilet. "Well, you see, the baby's new, and you must expect them to be dreadfully interested in it. People are that way. You've no idea how foolish they can be over a red, homely little new baby, Billy."

"Theirs is awful red," Billy declared scornfully. "And it yells. That isn't the worst, though—it's a girl!" He shot out the words in explosive contempt. "What good's a girl?"

"They certainly have piled it up on you, haven't they?" cried Mrs. Donnell. "Whatever are you going to do?"

"I'm thinkin'," announced Billy. "First I thought I'll run away. It ain't going to be any fun at home any more. All they do is look at the baby and act silly over it. I can wait an' wait for somebody to pour the cream on my peaches, an' there's nobody to do it. Mother she stays right with that baby and father he stays with it, and Mary she just runs around from the kitchen to upstairs and back again and says 'The darlin'! Ain't it aw-w-w-eet!'"

"Well, isn't it?" queried Mrs. Donnell in suspiciously shaky tones.

Billy glared at her in reproach. "Sweet!" he almost yelled. "It's just ugly and red, and I hate it!"

"Billy!"

"I do!" repeated Billy. "It can't do a thing! It doesn't know anything. When father took me in to see it this morning I showed it my new knife and it wouldn't even look at it! It would if it had been a boy! Boys have some sense! Father just laughed. And anyhow I didn't have any use for a baby."

"I know," said Mrs. Donnell. "I'll go and buy the baby and take it away and that will rid you of it."

Wild hope sprung into Billy's eyes. Then it died out. "You don't want it," he said, disgustedly. "After you take a good look at it you wouldn't even let 'em give it to you!"

"Mercy!" said Mrs. Donnell. "Is it as bad as that? Well, I might take it anyway just to oblige an old friend like you. Here comes your father—I'll see about it now!"

"Good morning, Mr. Baxter! I was just talking business with your son. He says there is a superfluous baby up at the house that is in his way, and he'd like to dispose of it. If you'll sell it I'll take it off your hands. What price do you ask?"

"Um-m!" said Billy's father, frowning thoughtfully. "Now, that's kind of you. What shall we sell it for, Billy?"

"A quarter," Billy suggested tentatively.

"Oh, I think we ought to ask at least 30 cents," said his father. "But wouldn't your mother object? I think she'd feel sorry if we sold it!"

"Would she?" asked Billy in surprise.

"Yes," said his father. "It's queer, but she's just crazy about it. You and I have got to stand together and bear it! We don't want to hurt mother's feelings, do we?"

"No-o!" admitted Billy, irresolutely.

"Have you seen what funny fingers it has? They curl around one of yours, tight!"

"Do they?" asked Billy, interestedly.

"That's what they do," said his father. "Come with me and I'll show you. You can have lots of fun with it, Billy. Come on!"

"All right," said Billy, sliding down from the wall and joining his father. "I guess we won't sell it," he called back to Mrs. Donnell. "But thank you, just the same!"

A Manager.

"Why do you insist on carrying that umbrella?" asked the bridegroom.

"For purposes of domestic economy," replied the bride. "I'm going to turn it upside down and catch enough rice to do the family for several weeks."

In Stress of Pity

By M. C. England

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"Work is work, but picnics is only picnics," summed up Aunt Hepzibah tartly. "I'm goin' to town and you'll stay here and do that ironin', so don't let's have another word about it."

Barbara Larsen stood, meek and submissive, bravely holding back the tears till her aunt's gaunt form had turned down the road and disappeared trolleyward. Then she threw herself down in the old rocker and sobbed unrestrainedly.

She had told Jasper Burnham she was going—Jasper, who had never before mustered up courage to ask her to go anywhere. And now he'd think she was doing it on purpose—that she didn't care.

She rose at last. The ironing must be done. But as she reached the kitchen door some wayward impulse turned her steps and forced her up into her own tiny bedroom, where lay in all their dear, seductive glory her "best things" that she had laid out ready to wear. Sobs shook her anew as she gazed at them. She moved over to the bureau and opening the bottom drawer took from it a shining length of ribbon that matched the little rosebuds on her dress.

With a sudden impulse she began to unhook the unbecoming brown gingham that was her invariable week-day garb.

"I'll try them on, anyway," she resolved.

Fully arrayed, the pink ribbon gleaming around her waving brown hair, she surveyed herself with a mournful satisfaction. She hadn't known she could be so pretty. She looked longingly out at the radiant afternoon. Swinging down the road, with furtive, bashful glances toward the house, came Jasper. Barbara's heart beat hard. Turning, she ran down the stairway and out on the vine-covered porch.

"I'll let him see I was ready, anyway," she thought defiantly, "and then he'll think something happened afterward."

Jasper paused uncertainly at the gate.

"Coming?" he called.

Barbara looked up the road and saw the other girls chattering along with their sweethearts, all bound for the

Aunt Hepzibah Sat Waiting.

great picnic of the year. Then she looked again at Jasper. Shyness, in the face of all the advancing crowd, was overpowering him. He had turned to go. Barbara's heart gave an agonized throb.

"Yes," she called suddenly.

She ran down the path, through the gate, and paused beside him. Without a word he started on, hands plunged deep in his pockets, speechless and overcome by his own daring. Barbara walked beside him with downcast eyes. Presently, stealing a glance at her, he saw the signs of tears on her face. A rush of pitying indignation banished self-consciousness for the moment.

"Who's been hurting you?" he demanded.

"No one," she denied.

"Then what've you been crying for?"

"Because—because aunt said I shouldn't go," she stammered.

A sudden, terrifying sense of what she had done overwhelmed her. Then the sound of happy, laughing voices behind brought a wave of defiant exultation.

"What'll she do?" asked Jasper shortly.

"I don't know—don't let's think about it," she begged.

But Jasper's mind clung to the subject.

"Darn her!" he burst forth. "Why don't you leave? She's not your real aunt, is she?"

"No, but she took me when I was little, and she's kept me and raised me, and all for nothing."

"For nothing, yes, and you've worked like a slave for her. She couldn't pay a hired girl to do what you've done," avowed Jasper heatedly.

As silence fell his shyness returned. He walked awkwardly, kicking at the stones in his path or switching aimlessly at the tall reedy growth by the roadside. When they reached the picnic ground, a wide, cleared space in the woods by a rushing stream, he withdrew to a distance and Barbara joined a group of chattering girls by one of the swings.

He kept shyly apart from her during the afternoon, though his eyes followed her everywhere with a dumb worship. When twilight came and they began to flock homeward in chattering groups of twos and threes, Barbara had an instant's pang lest he should fail her, but a moment later he fell into step at her side.

With the homeward walk came back the crushing fear of what might befall her as a result of her disobedience. She knew only too well the harsh ill-temper of her aunt. She lagged more and more slowly, till all the happy, laughter-loving crowd had left them. Jasper lagged even one step slower, seeming loath to bring the silent walk to an end. Yet the twilight, the solitariness, the very nearness to the object of his devotion bred in him a paralyzing shyness, a very agony of self-consciousness. Never, perhaps, would he have a chance like this again, yet the very thought of speaking, of even reaching out and touching the little hand that swung near him, brought the perspiration in great beads to his brow.

Barbara, with the growing intuition of awakened womanhood, vaguely realized all this.

As they came in sight of the house her heart began to beat painfully. She moved closer to Jasper.

"I'm frightened," she whispered.

For the second time that day a fire of indignation swept Jasper's self-consciousness from him. His hand went out suddenly and grasped her small one.

"Don't you be afraid," he said soothingly.

They came opposite the window. Inside Aunt Hepzibah sat waiting. Her jaws were set in a heavy, purposeful revenge. Barbara grasped Jasper's arm with a little half-sob.

"Oh! I—I hate her!" she whispered.

Jasper stood silent, staring at the woman, and with the helpless, trembling touch on his arm there surged up within him a mighty passion. He shook Barbara's hand from his arm almost roughly and took three great strides toward the house. Then he halted, suddenly, and turned.

"You come with me," he said.

She had to run to keep up with him. There was no breath left for speech. Presently they turned in at a gateway.

"Why, it's the minister's," panted Barbara.

Jasper knocked loudly at the door.

"We want to get married," announced Jasper, a steady fire burning in his eyes.

"Well, now, I'm sure!" exclaimed the minister's wife bewilderedly. "Why, it's little Barbara Larsen and—and Jasper! Well, well, well!" She led them into the front room and disappeared.

"Mighty good thing!" they heard the minister say. "That child leads a dog's life." He strode into the room. "Well, well!" he said kindly, "so you want to get married! That's right, Jasper. You're doing fine with the farm now. A wife is just what you need to make the old place look right." He stood them up before him.

When it was over and they were again outside, Jasper took Barbara's hand in his.

"Come," he said.

They walked, hand in hand and speechless, down the village street and along the road that led to Jasper's farm. As they reached the gateway the moon peeped out from under a cloud and flooded the orchard with silver light. Jasper stopped and gazed dazedly about at the familiar scene, then down at his wife's drooping head.

"Barbara!" he whispered unbelievingly.

She looked up, her eyes still dark with wonder.

He took her suddenly in his arms. The pent-up longing of two endless years seemed to culminate in that moment.

"Why, Barbara!" he cried passionately, "you're mine—you're mine! And I didn't know I was doing it!"

Here Today, Gone Tomorrow.

In 1901 Vancouver, B. C., had only 27,000 inhabitants. With its suburbs it has now 127,000. But it is at this moment engaged in revising its list of voters. The list under revision contains some 20,000 names and from it no less than 6,000 are to be removed as no longer resident.

If the last revision occurred three years ago this means that every year one-tenth of its voters leave Vancouver. As the larger proportion of its floating population cannot consist of voters this would imply that during the last ten years some 200,000 people have spent some time in Vancouver, and of them nearly half have declined to settle there.

Some of course have gone to other parts of the province, but it seems more than probable that the greater number have crossed the border to the United States. Altogether the immigrant population of Canada is in a very fluid condition. If this be the case after ten years of apparent prosperity, one can judge what will be its condition if a reaction should set in.—America.

Long Haul.

First Hobo—Strange how few of our youthful dreams come true, ain't it?

Second Hobo—Oh, I don't know. I remember how I once yearned to wear long pants. Now I guess I wear them longer than most any man in the country."

Pleasing Humor.

Tell a girl she has a musical laugh and she will think you the funniest fellow in the world.

"If That Be Treason."

It was during the Parnell agitation in Ireland that an anti-Parnellite, criticizing the ways of tenants in treating absentee landlords, exclaimed to Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia: "Why, it looks very much like treason." Instantly came the answer in the archbishop's best brogue: "Sure, treason is reason when there's an absent 't.'"—Everybody's Magazine.

State.

Governor—John K. Tener.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheta.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

District and County.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bent, Smethport.
Member of Congress—Charles E. Patton, Curwinsville.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Wellsville.
Members of Assembly—B. W. Hilton, Smethport; M. E. Benson, Mt. Jewett.
Sheriff—Wm. M. Merrick, Smethport.
Prothonotary—B. F. Clarke, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Cheeta, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank H. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. W. Anders, Clermont; A. R. Cory, Coryville.
Coroner—K. H. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdett S. Hayle.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.

Borough.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. E. Heath, President; F. F. Hiever, Secretary; J. W. Watts, M. B. Workley, G. H. Denning, F. L. Sherburne, J. C. Duckus, H. H. Sass.
Justices—R. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
Constable—U. H. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; P. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Speth, treasurer; John B. Eastman, H. H. Enfield, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Curwin, W. H. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. Culture.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge No. 338, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., in Masonic Hall, Main street.
J. L. MORRISON, W. M.
W. J. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge No. 45 meets Friday evenings at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesday each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 68, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 2, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
ANNIE O. STARK, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S. Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. HAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in Holder Hall.
JOHN PICKERSGILL, S.
L. K. HOGARTH C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church—J. W. M. Gavern, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m. Sunday school, 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League, 6:15 p. m.; Evening Service, 7:15. Mid-Week Prayer and Praise Service, Wednesday, 8 p. m.

Episcopal—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

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For Fresh Candies Nuts and Fruit Go To Brasted's

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, March 7, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Stove polish is advertised by Daly & Garlick in this issue.

—Some one has said that the difference between a debutante and a suffragette is about 20 years.

—A Kansas City minister had proved, in his own case, his theory that success depends upon a man's efforts. Using an abandoned street railway tunnel, he has adapted it to mushroom raising, and is said to make as high as $35 a day in the busy season.

—The Epworth League of the Methodist Episcopal church gave a most enjoyable social in the chapel on Friday evening. There was a goodly number in attendance and many amusing games were played. An "indoor track meet" seemed very popular and the thirty-inch dash, standing broad grin, hammer throw, shot put and relay race were hotly contested, the judges finally awarding the victory to the "Stars." Dainty refreshments were served.

—John Martin, a young man employed in the Case Cutlery plant at Bradford was found dead in his bed at his boarding house last Saturday morning. He had retired at about 11:30 the previous night in his usual health. Doctors who were called after his body was found were of the opinion that his death was due to natural causes. The deceased is survived by his parents, six brothers, and five sisters, all of whom reside in Tidioute, Pa. His remains were taken to that place for burial.

—We have received from Dr. John Clark, of this place, who with his wife and Mr. and Mrs. Charles McKean are visiting in Mexico, two copies of the Mexican Herald. The one dated February 23 contains a beautiful picture of the statue of Washington presented to Mexico by the American people and which was dedicated on Washington's birthday. This function was attended by the Smethport party above named. The other issue, which is dated Feb. 25, is chock full of war news and contains all kinds of rumors as to the prospects for a stormy future.

—In a conversation with one of the best farmers in this county the writer was informed that many meadows were liable to be badly damaged by upheaval of the grass roots when the unusually deep frost goes out of the ground. This gentleman said that the best way to safeguard against this trouble was to roll the meadows as early as possible and that it might be a good thing to roll them as soon as the upheaval was started and then again after the frost was entirely out of the ground. Farmers will do well to bear this matter in mind and act on this suggestion.

—There will be a local convention of the Mt. Jewett District of the McKean County Sunday School Association held in the M. E. church in Mt. Jewett, Pa., one session only, on Tuesday evening, March 12th, 1912, at 7:30. The following program has been arranged for same: Devotional, Rev. R. A. Buzza, Kushequa, Pa.; Missions, Mrs. A. S. M. Hopkins, Hazelhurst, Pa.; Organized Bible Class, Mr. Stem, State worker; Question Box. Adjournment. Mr. Stem is sent out by the State Sunday School Association. This meeting is open to the public. Sunday schools of all denominations are invited to send delegates.

—To have a wife and child die, and a fire almost wholly destroy most of his worldly possessions, all within a week's time, has been the experience of Isaac Weaver, a well known railroader of Punxsutawney. A week ago last Sunday Mrs. Isaac Weaver died of tuberculosis, aged 31 years. She was buried on Wednesday, and that evening the Weaver home with practically all its contents was almost totally destroyed by fire. No insurance was carried. Friday evening the eight weeks' old child of Mr. Weaver died at the home of his parents where it had been taken following his mother's death. The little body was given burial yesterday.—Bradford Star-Record.

—A few days ago a well-known lady of Keating township had a little party for a number of ladies, and as most of the water pipes in the homes of said ladies were frozen, and could not get much water to drink, they made a terrible onslaught on the water which still flowed copiously in the hostess' kitchen, and commented on how extra fine it tasted. Next morning the hostess of the previous day went to the spring which supplied the water to find the cause of the extra fine quality of the water, and was greatly surprised to find swimming in the spring a snake which, when killed, measured 27 inches. Next!

Tuesday's Bradford Era says: The B., R. & P. passenger train due in this city yesterday forenoon at 11:30 o'clock struck and instantly Erie Reed of Sawmill Run, Cattaraugus county, N. Y. A horse which he was driving was also killed and the cutter in which he was riding was badly smashed. The accident happened at what is known as Red House crossing near Great Valley. Mr. Reed was driving from the direction of Peth. There is a deep cut near where the accident happened. Mr. Reed was thrown about 100 feet. His skull was fractured and both arms and legs were broken. Mr. Reed was about 35 years of age and is survived by a widow and a number of children.

—Miss Gabrielle Ray, a famous English beauty and actress, was quietly married to Eric Loder, a young millionaire at Windsor, England, last Friday morning. This marriage was to have taken place the day before and was to have been one of the great social functions of the season. The groom, his attendants and all the invited guests had assembled at the church, but the bride did not appear and when Loder sent his automobile to her apartments she refused to come, saying that she did not intend to get married. Later the young couple fixed it up and were married as above stated and they have lived happily ever afterward. She explains her strange actions by saying that she suffered a nervous breakdown.

HE DIDN'T MAKE THE CALL.

The Office Boy Left "Higgins" No Alternative but to "Beat It," and He Did.

During the recent visit to New York of Robert S. Hichens, the English novelist, he wished to call upon the managing editor of a Park Row paper. Just at that time any paper one picked up had an interview with Hichens. Besides, the editor and he were friends. So that Hichens—not having experienced the Park Row office boy—thought he would have no difficulty in invading the sanctum. "Take—haw—my card to the managing editor," said he to the office boy.

That grimy functionary holds his job by seeing to it that not one card in ten presented to him ever gets anywhere. He casts a coldly suspicious eye upon the novelist. The latter was dolled up in his Piccadilly clothes, carried a cane, wore spats, and shot a monocle from his right eye in astonishment at the urchin's impertinence. "Whadda yuh wants see him fur?" asked the boy.

Mr. Hichens tried to wither the boy. Only unwitherable boys last on Park Row. He ordered the boy to go in with that card. The boy said in New Yorkese that there would be nothing doin' until he found out why Hichens wanted to see the editor. Mr. Hichens had an inspiration. "I am an English journalist," said he. "Give my card and tell him that I wish to write a series of articles on New York for his paper."

The boy disappeared behind a screen. Mr. Hichens smiled happily at the thought of the merry laughter with which his friend, the editor, would receive the statement. Pretty soon Mr. Hichens heard the voice of the office boy. "Guy out here named Higgins," said the boy, "says he wants a job."

The voice of an unseeb and hard worked man replied that no jobs were open to any Higginses. The boy handed a thumb smudged card back to Mr. Hichens. "Nothin' doin'" said he, indifferently, and buried himself in his late edition.

"Jim—" began Mr. Hichens, indignantly.

"G'wan, now," said the boy, brusquely. "Beat it, Higgins."

And so Mr. Hichens did.

Women Pearl Divers.

The pearl divers of Japan are all—or nearly all—women. Along the shores of the Bay of Ago and the Bay of Kokasho, says the Oriental Review, the thirteen and fourteen year old girls, after they have finished their primary school work, go to sea and learn to dive.

They are in the water and learn to swim almost from babyhood, and spend most of their time in the water, except in the coldest season, from the end of December to the beginning of February. Even during the most inclement of seasons they sometimes dive for pearls. They wear a special dress, white underwear, and the hair twisted up into a hard knot. The eyes are protected by glasses to prevent the entrance of water. Tubs are suspended from the waist.

A boat in command of a man is assigned to every five or ten women divers to carry them to and from the fishing grounds. When the divers arrive on the grounds they leap into the water at once, and bekin to gather oysters at the bottom. The oysters are dropped in to the tubs hung from their waists.

When these vessels are filled the divers are raised to the surface and jump into the boats. They dive to a depth of from 5 to 30 fathoms without any special apparatus, and retain their breath from one to three minutes. Their ages vary from thirteen to forty years, and between twenty-five and thirty-five they are in their prime.

From Behind Prison Walls.

Not long ago a story drifted down from Sing Sing about one of the colony of local bankers now doing time, says the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times Star. The banker had a caller, who had been of service during the trial. The caller had then learned to regard the jugged financier with an affection which was not reciprocated.

"I want to see Mr. Banker," said the caller to a keeper.

"Write your name on a card and I'll take it in," said the keeper.

"And what do you think," said the caller to a friend, on his return to the city. "That keeper brought my card back to me. 'Sorry, sir,' said he, 'but Mr. Banker isn't at home today.'"

A complementary yarn is the one now told of "P. K." Connaughton, who for years has been principal keeper at Sing Sing. The other day Connaughton told a prisoner to drop a bag of onions he was carrying at the door, and come into the keeper's office to be questioned about some recent offense. The prisoner stood the cross-examination well. When the prisoner and "P. K." came out the bag was there, but the onions had disappeared. "By thunder," said "P. K.," "there's a thief in this place."

'Twas Ever Thus.

"Now, by me halidome!" stormed Sir Michael De Byte, pausing in the donning of his clothes, "'twas a neglectful and slatternly housewife I got when I wed thee!"

"What irketh thee, Mike dear?" asked his trembling spouse.

"What irketh, quotha!. There be three rivets out of my clean shirt of mail!"

And she was fain to weep softly as he smote her with his mace.

Kelly Versus Kelly

By Dorothy Douglas

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

Kelly entered his office briskly, hung up his coat and prepared to glance through the mail. Because Kelly was big and good to look at and in many other ways an attractive lure for feminine hearts, there were a number of small, scented missives lurking among legal-looking documents and business letters.

These he put aside until the contents of the more important communications had been digested.

Kelly drew a cigar from his pocket. The day promised to be more or less dull. A young lawyer can only wait for clients. Kelly lit his cigar and when it was drawing well he elevated his feet to the desk and picked up the smaller envelopes.

As he glanced over his own name written in various feminine hands he smiled tenderly, cynically, reminiscently and finally questioningly. The writing on one neat, unscented envelope was not familiar to Kelly's eyes.

He opened it first, and read the contents:

"Dear Mr. Kelly—Your fiancee, Helen Ware, has made me promise to look you up as soon as I reached New York. I arrived only yesterday from Omaha and have taken the first opportunity I had for communicating with you. Since I am to be Helen's bridesmaid it might make the wedding more sociable if some of us had met you. I am to be in New York for three weeks and hope you will find time to call me up in the near future, so that I may write Helen that I have had the pleasure of meeting her future husband. 'Phone, 003 River. Sincerely yours,

VIRGINIA TRACY."

A cynical smile was master over surprise in Kelly's face.

"Another bunco game!" he muttered. "Letter sounds jolly though—guess I will see the game through."

Without a doubt in his mind as to the class of girl who had written him the letter, Kelly called the number, 003 River.

When he hung up the receiver he had made an engagement to call for Virginia Tracy at six o'clock that same evening. He turned to his other neglected feminine correspondents, but try as he might to forget the incident of the girl from Omaha he could hear only a rather shy voice that had answered his call at 009 River. Since business was far from pressing, Kelly spent much of the day wondering as to Virginia Tracy's appearance.

Kelly Lit His Cigar.

Toward five o'clock he turned homeward. He could not recall in his own history having been so particular as to the set of his evening clothes. He was to take Virginia Tracy to dinner and the theater.

Kelly and the girl from Omaha were sitting at a small table in the restaurant before the young lawyer realized the full extent of his luck. The eyes that shone through the candle light at his were big and gray and appealing; they looked sharply at him now and again as if in apology for their nearness to him.

During their short drive down in the taxi she had talked swiftly and nervously about Helen Ware, Omaha, and the approaching wedding. It had been quite unnecessary for Kelly to do more than agree in a noncommittal way, to anything she chose to say. He had found himself enjoying the musical voice even though he doubted the source of her words. He chided himself for a silly idiot. All bunco girls were soft and innocent and alluring! That was their stock in trade.

Kelly had never been in Omaha, nor had he so much as heard of Helen Ware, and he hoped now he never would, but he found that with Virginia Tracy's leads he could follow his role in the story with only occasional slips.

The girl across the table looked at him from time to time with vague questioning. That mute appeal went straight to Kelly's heart and before he led the girl from the restaurant he had begun to doubt his own identity. Perhaps there was a Helen Ware in Omaha, and perhaps she was engaged to a man named Kelly.

"Thank goodness I'm not the Kelly!" muttered the young lawyer, as he piloted Virginia to a seat in the orchestra.

During the performance Kelly became satisfied in his own mind that there was a Helen Ware, that she was engaged to a Kelly and that Virginia Tracy was to be bridesmaid.

"I am glad you are not the bride," he said, unconsciously voicing his thoughts.

Virginia cast a startled glance at him, then burst into a laugh. "That is a very complimentary speech!"

A dull color mounted to the roots of Kelly's auburn hair and Virginia's eyes narrowed themselves into keen scrutiny.

"I only meant," Kelly fumbled for words, "that I would not have had this pleasure of meeting you—then."

"Still," Virginia stated with a laugh in her eyes, "a man generally has had the pleasure of meeting the girl to whom he is engaged."

"There are exceptions—to all rules," laughed Kelly and slipped from the dangerous subject.

After the theater they had supper and then a drive home through the park. Somehow, Helen Ware had dropped from the conversation.

At parting, Virginia looked up with a guilty flush. "I will write tonight and tell Helen how nice you have been to me," she said, and with a little nervous clasp of the hand she was gone.

Virginia flew with light feet up the stairs to her room. Her cheeks were flushed and she tried to escape from the memory of the expression in Kelly's eyes when he had touched her hand.

After a restless night she was awakened by the postman's whistle.

There was a letter for her from Helen Ware. After Virginia had conquered the emotions that had arisen at sight of Helen's writing she broke the seal.

"Dearest Vingy: This is just a scratch to tell you that I am almost sure I gave you the number 302 instead of 203 for Jim's office. I hope you haven't written yet as there are probably a dozen Kellys in each of those great office buildings—"

The letter dropped from Virginia's nerveless fingers. The whole awful mistake dawned on her. A storm of weeping burst over her. What had her companion of the evening before thought of her? There was no question in her mind save that, and Virginia flushed at her own reflection when she realized it.

The question was answered before nine o'clock when Virginia descended for breakfast.

A dozen of the most exquisite pink chrysanthemums awaited her. In the box she found a note. Kelly had spent a restless night, being unable to forgive himself for having taken so mean an advantage of a girl from the west. His apology was abject. Virginia found room for a smile in her eyes as she read Kelly's note.

"It wasn't entirely his fault," she whispered into the biggest of the chrysanthemums, "if I hadn't put the wrong address on, he couldn't possibly have done—what he did."

"And what did he do?" Virginia questioned herself.

A quick little laugh followed.

"We know—but we won't tell," the flowers nodded.

SAYING "HOWDY" IN MOROCCO

Only Inquiry That Is Omitted Seems to Be the Classic "Have You Used ——?"

The native Moors are not content with the salutations which pass muster with English when acquaintances are met in the street. "Hallo, old man! How are you? Going strong—that's right. So long!" This sort of thing does not commend itself to the Moroccan.

Here is the kind of conversation, says Health Culture, that takes place at every meeting of any two friends or acquaintances, say Mr. Abd'l-Kahder and Mr. Boo'l-Hamara:

"Peace be with you this morning."

"And with you be peace."

"How do you do?"

"Without any ill."

"Are you well?"

"Thank Allah!"

"And is your health good?"

"It is good."

"And you have no ill in your body?"

"I have none."

"And your bones, how are they?"

"They are indeed strong."

"And your little bones?"

"There is no ill to them."

"And the marrow in your bones, is it well?"

"And your limbs, are they well?"

"They are sound, praise be the prophet."

"And the whole of your body, is it well?"

"It is well."

"And your forehead, how is it this morning?"

"By your life, truly it is well."

"And how is your nose?"

"It is free from any harm, I am grateful to you."

"And your ears, are they well?"

"They are well, may the prophet be blessed."

And so on and so forth, until almost every part of the human system has been alluded to.

A Sign of Age.

"I guess he must be getting old."

"Why?"

"He's quit thinking that he can sing."

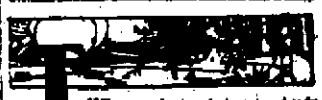
Hard Work.

Doctor—I forbid all brain work.

Poet—May I not write some verses?

Doctor—Oh, certainly! — Christian Intelligence.

The KITCHEN CABINET



THE grandest of heroic deeds are those which are performed within four walls and in domestic privacy.

The old German inscription on a key, "If I rest, I rust" is as true of people as of iron.

AIDS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

When keeping bread warm to rise in winter, a slate stone made warm on which to set the pan will hasten the process.

Now that eggs are so scarce, an eggless cake will be welcome.

Eggless Fruitcake.—Take two cups of brown sugar, one cup of molasses, a pint of boiling coffee, a pound of fat salt pork chopped fine, a tablespoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cloves, allspice, ginger and a pound of currants, a half pound of shredded orange peel, lemon and citron, and a half pound of chopped nut meats. Over this pour the hot coffee and molasses and soda. Add flour to make stiff. Bake slowly two hours.

When roasting meat, parboil a few small, juicy turnips until nearly tender, then lay them in with the meat, and baste occasionally until well done.

Never try to boil when using the oven, as opening the stove will cool the oven. Parboiling in a hot frying pan will do when the better way is not available.

A fine cake mixer when one is making enough to go to the bother, is a small ice cream freezer can. Put in the ingredients and beat with the paddle by turning the crank.

German Mush.—Cook a ham or beef bone until the meat falls off. Salt the water and stir in oat meal, cook until well done, then turn out into greased pans to mold. Slice and fry.

To preserve brooms, dip them for three minutes in a pail of boiling soap suds every week. This cleanses them, makes them more tough and pliable and they will wear longer.

A delicious accompaniment to fried chicken is fried mush. Fry the mush before it gets cold. It will be crisper and sweeter than if it were molded before it is fried.

Nellie Maxwell.

Grange National Bank

Smethport - - - Pa.

Assets..... $565,150.00

We solicit your account.

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer

Smethport, Pa.

Just Received

A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comes. I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. Millinery and 5 and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,

Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $5.00 each.

Address all communications to HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, March 7, 1912.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Editor Miner:—Please announce my candidacy for Congress from the Twenty-First congressional district, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries in April.

CHARLES E. PATTON.

Curwensville, Pa., Jan. 10, 1912.

I hereby announce that I a ma candidate for nomination to the office of representative in Congress from the 21st Pennsylvania district, subject to the action of Republicans at the primaries, in said district, April 13, 1912.

WILLIAM T. DE HAAS.

Clearfield, Pa., Feb. 9, 1912.

For State Senator.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for renomination for the office of State Senator, to represent the 25th Pennsylvania senatorial district, subject to the action of the Republican voters of Potter, McKean and Tioga counties, at the primaries, April 13, 1912.

FRANK B. BALDWIN.

Autsin, Pa., January 22, 1912.

For National Delegate.

We are authorized to announce the name of L. W. Gleason of Cameron county as a delegate to the National Republican Convention from the Twenty-first Congressional district, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries on April 13, 1912.

Driftwood, Pa., Feb. 28, 1912.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of delegate to the Republican national convention from the 21st Pennsylvania Congressional district, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held on April 13, 1912. I favor the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt as the Republican candidate for President.

GUY B. MAYO.

Smethport, March 5, 1912.

State Delegate.

Editor Miner:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Delegate to the Republican State Convention, subject to the usages of the Republican party at the primaries, to be held on Saturday, April 13, 1912.

H. E. GAFFNEY.

Bradford, Pa., Feb. 5, 1912.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the position of delegate from McKean county, to the Republican State convention, subject to the action of Republican voters at the primaries April 13.

JAMES A. CONNELLY.

Ludlow, Pa., Feb. 6, 1912.

The Suffragests of England are giving the police of London plenty to do. About one hundred of them were jailed on Monday for smashing windows and raising a general disturbance. Their actions seem to prove that they are not entitled to the ballot.

One of the greatest strikes in history is now on in Great Britain. Over one million coal miners in the British domain have laid down their tools in a strike for better pay. This strike threatens to tie up many of the large manufactories in England and will be a great handicap to everybody in that country unless the differences between the mine owners and the miners are speedily settled.

We learned yesterday morning that Hon. R. W. Hilton has finally decided to be the Democratic candidate for State Senator from this district, consisting of McKean, Potter and Tioga counties. Mr. Hilton has served two terms in the legislature as a member from this county and is now looking for larger fields to conquer. Hon. Frank E. Baldwin, the present Senator from this district, will probably be his Republican opponent and a lively contest is looked for.

The third term cry is being used to its best advantage against Col. Roosevelt in this campaign. But does this apply to the case at issue? George Washington made this president when the United States had just been freed from British rule. Later it was found that a President and his followers controlled so much political patronage in all parts of the Union that if he held this high office more than two consecutive terms it would be almost impossible to displace him as long as he cared to sit in the President's chair. This is a wise rule and should not be broken so far as consecutive term applies. But in Theodore Roosevelt's case things are different. Four years ago, despite the fact that a large majority of the Republican party and the voters in general wanted him to be a candidate, he positively refused to accept the nomination, and W. H. TAFT was chosen mainly at Col. Roosevelt's suggestion, with the understanding that he would carry out the work President Roosevelt had started. This President TAFT has done to the best of his ability, but not in a way to satisfy a large percentage of the people. In prosecuting the big trusts, as well as several other important matters, the Taft administration has faithfully kept its word, insofar as it has done its best under Mr. Taft's leadership. But many of those who voted for him in 1908, feel that he lacks the natural force and energy which is so typical of Col. Roosevelt and for that reason he has again been called to take up the fight of the people. As for the third term bugbear there is nothing to it. Col. Roosevelt will be handicapped with all his opponents can make out of it while President Taft will enjoy all the fruits of all the political patronage it was intended to prohibit.

Guy B. Mayo of this place announces in this issue of The Miner that he is a candidate for delegate to the Republican national convention from the 21st Congressional district of Pennsylvania. Mr. Mayo is a lifelong Republican and a great admirer of Theodore Roosevelt and if elected he will use his best efforts to nominate Mr. Roosevelt for the Presidency. The Bradford Era has the following to say of this well-known and popular young man:

Mr. Mayo is a native of Cameron county, Pa., and a son of E. R. Mayo, Esq., of Smethport. The greater part of his life was passed in McKean county. He was educated in the public schools and graduated from Bowdoin college at Brunswick, Maine. He studied law in his father's offices at Smethport and has been very successful in his profession. He has ably served McKean county at district attorney for two terms—a period of six years—and during that time he obtained a wide acquaintance with the people of the county. That he will be given a large vote but only on his personal merits, but also because of his Progressive principles in politics, is to be expected.

Mr. Mayo, in addition to legal matters is identified with important business interests, being a director in the Taintor Chemical company; president of the Smethport Chemical company; a director of the First National bank of Eldred and of the Grange bank of Smethport.

He is a man of action and will conduct an energetic campaign throughout the district.

Mr. Mayo is positive in his views, conscientious, able and amiable. He says what he means and means what he says. The movement in behalf of Col. Roosevelt throughout Pennsylvania, is steadily growing and it is the desire of the managers of the Roosevelt campaign that the question of choice between Taft and Roosevelt be settled at the primaries so far as possible. By the entrance of Mr. Mayo into the contest the Republican voters of the district will have an opportunity to register their decision either for or against the former president.

In voting for Mr. Mayo the citizens will know that they are supporting a man in whom they can place the utmost confidence. He will uphold the Square Deal candidate and not be afraid to stand up and be counted on that issue.

CAMPAIGN NEWS.

Col. Roosevelt's Candidacy is Growing More Popular Every Day.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 26.—The result of polls taken in various parts of the country shows conclusively that Colonel Roosevelt is the choice of the people for the Republican nomination for the presidency. In every instance the balloting has given the former President a big lead over the present occupant of the White House, and in many cases the Socialist ticket and the Democratic nominee have run ahead of Mr. Taft.

The poll of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, North Dakota, South Dakota and Montana, taken by the St. Paul Dispatch, shows 8,223 for Roosevelt, 4,856 for La Follette, Eugene Debs, Socialist, 1,243, Bryan, 1,235, and Taft, 791.

The poll of Philadelphia taken by the chairman of the Keystone party shows, 3,956 for Roosevelt and 1,383 for Mr. Taft. In several counties in Pennsylvania where polls have been taken the sentiment is shown to be overwhelmingly in favor of Colonel Roosevelt.

The poll of the state of Indiana, taken by the Indianapolis Star, resulted as follows: Roosevelt, 18,813; Taft, 6,702; Albert J. Beveridge, 4,426; J. Frank Hanley, 1,188; La Follette, 333, and a number of scattering votes.

Colonel Roosevelt is given 84,303 in the poll taken by the Kansas City Star. Champ Clark is next with 16,707; Bryan, 16,596; La Follette, 9,641; Taft, 9,526; Wilson, 8,861; and several thousand scattering votes.

From Topeka, Kansas, come dispatches giving the result of the poll taken by the Topeka Capital, which gives Roosevelt 6,119; La Follette, 2,704; Taft, 2,570, and less than one hundred scattering votes. Champ Clark leads in the Democratic race with 1,538.

Attesting the esteem in which the former President is held, even more forcibly than the polls quoted, is the draft of the Republican platform adopted in Chicago, June 18, 1908. Under the heading, "Republicanism Under Roosevelt," the platform reads:

"In the great race era of the American advancement the Republican party has reached its highest service under the leadership of Theodore Roosevelt. His administration is an epoch in American history. In no other has there been such mighty progress in those ideals of government which make for justice, equality and fair dealing among men.

"The highest aspirations of the American people has found a voice. Their most exalted servant represents the best aims and worthiest aims of all his countrymen. American manhood has been lifted to a nobler sense of duty and obligation. Conscience and courage in public station and higher standards of right and wrong in private life have become cardinal principles of political faith; capital and labor have been brought into closer relations of confidence and interdependence, and the abuse of wealth, the tyranny of power and all the evils of privilege and favoritism have been put to scorn by the simple virtues of justice and fair play.

"The great accomplishments of President Roosevelt have been first and foremost, a brave and impartial enforcement of the law, the prosecution of illegal trusts and monopolies, the expo-ure and punishment of evil-doers in the public service, the more effective regulation of the rates and services of the great transportation lines, the complete overthrow of preference, rebates, and discriminations, the arbitration of labor disputes, the the amelioration of the condition of wageworkers everywhere, the conservation of the natural resources of the country, the forward step in the improvement of the inland waterways and always the earnest support and defense of every wholesome safeguard which has made more secure the guarantees of life, liberty and property.

"These are the achievements that will make for Theodore Roosevelt his place in history, but more than all these the great things he has done will be an inspiration to those who have yet greater things to do. We declare our unfaltering adherence to the policies this inaugurated and pledge their continuance under a Republican administration of the government."

EDUCATIONAL NEWS IN BRIEF.

Interesting Facts Furnished by the State Board of Education.

Following the lead of Pennsylvania, there has been introduced into the Constitutional Convention of Ohio an Educational system based largely on the plan of the Pennsylvania School Code. It provides for a State Board of Education of at least five members to be appointed by the governor; also for a permanent state school fund to be made up in part of revenues derived from lands reforested by the state in the future.

Recently there was introduced into the legislature of Massachusetts a bill identical with the Pennsylvania Code provision requiring an inspection of institutions wholly or partially supported by the state and maintaining educational departments not now supervised by the public school authorities. Pennsylvania has over a hundrde such institutions receiving appropriations for maintenance amounting to over five millions of dollars.

The first school house to be erected under the provisions of the Code, requiring approval of the plans by the State Board of Education, was in Brownsville, Fayette county. It is a handsome, four-room, brick and granite building in which the latest ideas of ventilation and floor space have been incorporated. Play-rooms have been provided in the basement and provision has been made that additional rooms may be added as required. The halls are large and well lighted and everything is finished throughout in an attractive manner.

The teaching of agriculture in the public schools is commanded by the Code. The work has already begun in many of the districts and the spring will see a wide spread adoption of this subject that is sure to result in untold good for the boys and girls in Pennsylvania. The case of C. Randolph Kahler in Hughesville, Lycoming county, shows what may be accomplished. This boy is fourteen years old and won a first prize of $35.00 in a corn raising contest, raising at the rate of 122.4 bushels per acre on one quarter acre of ground. His report of how the crop was planted and cared for is exceedingly interesting.

The new Code has enlarged the opportunities for the use of the school houses, permitting them to be occupied for the social activities of the community. The playgrounds have carried school activities into the summer and the Home and School associations have carried school activities into the home and evening meetings of a social and literary character into the school houses. Berks county reports associations in Birdsboro, Hamburg, Kutztown and Mohnton. These associations are exerting an unusual influence upon the social life of the district. They provide legitimate channels for the expression of youthful vitality and add materially to the pleasures as well as to the educational profit of the community.

OVERCOMING A NEIGHBORS INDIFFERENCE.

In every neighborhood, where there are fruit trees, there are property owners who are indifferent to the matter of giving such fruit trees as they may have proper attention and care. To the painstaking neighbor, who is spraying his trees and fighting the scale, this is exasperating.

A fruit grower in the suburb of a flourishing Pennsylvania city, wrote to Professor H. A. Surface, State Zoologist, for advice as to what can be done with one of his careless neighbors. The reply of Professor Surface was as follows:

"I am interested in your recent letter in which you state that you fear your labor has been in vain because your neighbor has not sprayed his trees, although you did so. I can assure you that it is not necessary for you to be worried about this, as he will be the sufferer instead of you. Your trees will be much better for having been sprayed once each year, when the leaves are off, with the lime-sulfur solution. This will be enough to keep the scale in perfect control upon them, if you will use it strong enough and thoroughly. In fact, you should do this whether your neighbor's trees have the scale or not.

"My neighbors around my large commercial orchard all have San Jose scale, but it does not worry me in the least. I give my orchard just the same treatment as I would if they did not have the scale. It is true that there may be a few of the pests blown across the fence to your trees, or carried by the feet of birds, or otherwise, but your neighbor's trees will continue to suffer and die, while yours will thrive. There is no special advantage to you in having him spray his trees for San Jose scale, although, if you wish this done, the law takes care of it by providing that all that is necessary is for you to report to the Secretary of Agriculture that pests exist on certain places, and he must have the place inspected, and if the pests are found, they must be treated according to his directions, and within a certain time prescribed. If this is not done, the Secretary of Agriculture is authorized to destroy the trees or see that they are properly treated and charge the expenses to the owner. The name of the informant is not divulged in this way, and no neighborhood difficulties are created."

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES

Subscribe for The Miner.

BLOOD STONE

Birthstone of March

Look over our fine line of Rings and Pins

Engstrom & Olson,

Jewelers

Smethport, - - Pa.

EASTERN SEASHORE TRIP

15-Day Excursion

Atlantic City

Cape May

Wildwood Ocean City

Sea Isle City

Friday, April 5, 1912

$10.80 from Smethport

Tickets good going on regular trains April 5, and good returning until April 19. STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA returning on deposit of ticket.

Full particulars of ticket agent, or B. P. Fraser, D. P. A., 307 Main St. Buffalo.

OVERCOAT SALE

NOW ON

—AT—

H. W. Rubin,

THE RELIABLE CLOTHIER

1913 Calendars

The best advertising—the most persistent and far-reaching—is the art calendar which bears your imprint.

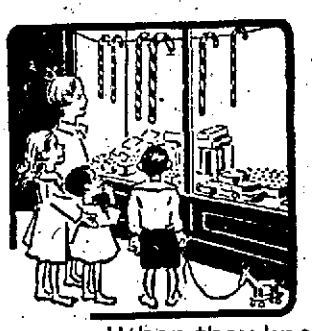
It tells your story for you three hundred and sixty-five days out of the year, and is a constant reminder to your customers of you and your business.

If you are a user of calendars you know all this; if not, I would like to talk to you.

In either event let me show you my exclusive line of Collins Art Calendars for 1913—the finest and the most varied selection ever put on the market.

Drop a card or telephone to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor Miner.



THE HOME OF Quality Groceries

WHAT PLACE Can be more TANTALIZING TO THE KIDS into the pantry with locked doors, ESPECIALLY

When they know it is filled With Good Things From Our Store! Be patient, until meal time Kids!

TRY THESE, They'll Please!

GEO. WASHINGTON Prepared coffee.

Made in the cup.

Does not contain chicory or any other adulterant.

ARTIS BROTHERS' PLUM PUDDING

Just the thing to complete that Sunday Dinner.

F. W. BROWNELL,

PHONE 7.

Gold Leaf Rye Whiskey

Is Absolutely Pure. It contains the concentrated, nourishing qualities of rye from the richest fields, known to the trade.

It is distilled and aged under perfect conditions and with scrupulous care. Ask for it. For sale by.

F. H. HUNGIVILLE,

—WHOLESALE LIQUORS—

Smethport, - - - Pa.

SHOES! SHOES!

his is the place to buy your shoes. We Carry the Finest line of Ladies' and Children's Shoes. Mens' and Boys Shoes in gun metal and patent leather. A big line of working shoes.

Anderson & Carlson,

THE SHOE MEN

Smethport, Penna

McCALL PATTERNS

McCALL PATTERNS

The Lindholm Company

THE STORE OF QUALITY AND LOW PRICE

Clean Sweep of Ladies' and Misses' Coats and Suits.

Every Garment marked at Sweeping Reduction for quick Claarance. Prices that will suit your purse. Garmenta that will suit you. Come early while we have your size.

Shoes

25 pairs, sizes 2 to 2 1-2, only ladies shoes. 3.00 Value at $1.39 per pair.

Remember only above sizes at above price.

The Lindholm Co.

The Store of Quality and Low Price.

Favorite Stove Polish

The Best in the World, sold by

Daly & Garlick's

Hardware and Plumbing Store

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, March 7, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The improvements on the postoffice are nearly completed.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. P. Van Sicle on Saturday, March 2, 1912, a boy.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. George Veisel on Monday, March 4, 1912, a boy.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Freeman of Keating township on Tuesday, March 5, 1912, a boy.

—Services at St. Luke's Friday evening at 7:30. Rev. W. M. Gamble, rector of Christ church, Coudersport, will be the special preacher.

—Harry Lewis, aged 86 years, one of the pioneers of Liberty township, died at his home on Wednesday of last week.

—Miss Maggie A. Bradley, aged 81 years and a highly respected resident of Bradford, died in that city last Saturday.

—The Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. church will hold a sale of cooked food and clam chowder in the chapel, Saturday afternoon, March 9.

—Col. Albert O. Clearwater, an old and well-known resident of Wilcox died at his home in that place on Saturday last.

—Services next Sunday at the U. B. church, East Smethport, as follows: Young people's meeting at 7 p. m. Preaching at 8 p. m., subject, "Lost." S. R. Parrett, pastor.

—John M. Andrews, charged with the murder of Emile Amann at Warren will have his next trial in Erie, Erie county. On Monday a change of venue was granted to that effect.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Brainard died at her home in Duke Center after a long illness on Saturday last. She is survived by her husband, two daughters and one son.

—Mrs. Elvina Foster, an aged and well-known lady of Bradford, died at her home in that city last Friday night. She is survived by one brother, C. C. Melvin, and one sister, Mrs. Lloyd Ward, both of Bradford.

—Rev. John Sigwalt of Port Allegany will occupy the pulpit in the M. E. church next Sunday morning and evening. Rev. J. W. McGavern will preach in Port Allegany on that day.

—Thos. H. Fraley, a former well-known resident of this place, was stricken with paralysis at Portville Saturday. We have been unable to learn further particulars, but his many friends in this vicinity hope that he may speedily recover.

—The men's civic debating club held their second meeting at St. Luke's parish house Tuesday evening and transacted considerable business. Tuesday evening, March 19, the question of electing United States senators by direct vote of the people will be discussed.

—The condition of C. A. Burdick, who is ill at his home, remains unchanged.

—Thomas Keelor, aged 80 years, one of the old residents of this section, died at his home in Warren on Tuesday. Mr. Keelor was the father of D. D. Keller of Kane who struck the 50,000,000-feet gas well in that section a few years ago.

—Last Saturday morning the store and barn of Frank A Shellander at Marvindale were completely destroyed by fire. Nearly all the contents of both buildings were destroyed, on which Mr. Shellander carried some insurance. The origin of the fire is unknown.

—Last Saturday evening a surprise party was given in the living apartments of the county jail in honor of Raymond, the son of Sheriff and Mrs. M. C. Bain, by sixteen of his young schoolmates. A very pleasant evening was spent, ending with delicious refreshments served by Mrs. Bain.

—Rev. J. W. McGavern was in Olean on Monday to attend a meeting of the Ministerial association and read a paper on "Negligable Quantities" at the meeting. He went on to Buffalo where on Wednesday he attended the dedication of the new Humbolt Parkway church, where he delivered an address.

—It is said that a farmer hereabouts had a thousand bushels of potatoes in his cellar which he had been offered $1.40 per bushel for, but was holding them for $2.00 per bushel. A few days ago all these potatoes were frozen and now he is feeding them to the cattle. This is a case where the whole hog got none.

—E. R. Helmer has purchased the Mott home on Broad street and will move his family there in a week or two. The consideration is three thousand dollars. It was sold through the Lewis agency of this city. The Reporter extends congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Helmer in securing so pretty and convenient a home.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—A new act makes it obligatory for the court stenographers to file the testimony and charges of the court in civil cases with the prothonotary, and it must be written in long hand. This is done to enable counsel interested to examine the testimony and the charge of the court and if no exceptions are taken the charge and testimony shall stand as reported, says the Kane Republican.

—Thomas, the young son of Michael Hungerford, met with quite a painful accident last Thursday evening while coasting. He was thrown from his sled in such a way that a deep gash was cut in his thigh. Medical assistance was called and three stitches were found necessary to close up the wound. At this time the little fellow is getting along nicely.

—Last Saturday evening Mrs. F. H. Nourse gave a birthday party in honor of her son, Forrest, at their home in Keating township. Twenty-six young people were present and spent a pleasant evening with games and music. A dainty luncheon was served and all went home feeling that they had a very enjoyable evening and wishing the young man many happy returns of the day.

—Mrs. Harry Haley was taken suddenly ill at the home of Maurice Mulvihill last Sunday afternoon and has been confined to her home ever since. Mrs. Haley and her husband walked up the hill to the Mulvihill home and soon after reaching there she fainted. Medical assistance was called and after she was revived she was carried to her home. She is suffering with indigestion, but at this time she is much improved.

—Postmasters have received notice from Postmaster-General Hitchcock to instruct the rural free delivery route carriers to caution persons owning mail boxes along their routes against the practice of depositing money in such boxes for which to pay for money orders or registration of letters instead of personally seeing the carrier and having the order filled out in the regulation way. The practice of placing money in the mail box is too conductive to theft and dishonesty, with resulting loss, besides affording no end of difficulty and possible embarrassment to the carrier.

—A regular monthly meeting of the McKean County Medical society was held last evening in the Carnegie library building. There were present Dr. McCoy of Smethport; Drs. Evan O'N. Kane, Thomas L. Kane and Dr. Burdick, of Kane; Drs. Canfield, Paton, Page, Joseph, O'Hern, Robison, White, Russell, Benninghoff, Haines, Kunkel, Straight, Glenn, Woodhead, Hall and Johnston, of Bradford. Drs. Dolan and Cox of Kane and Dr. Moyer of Bradford were elected to membership and the application of Dr. Beaver of Bradford was received, says yesterday's Bradford Era.

—The spring demonstrations of the Division of Zoology of the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture for McKean county will be held in the orchard of Leo V. Goding at Port Allegany on Wednesday, March 13, and in the orchard of R. J. Gates at Mt. Alton on Friday, March 15th. These demonstrations have been very successful in the past, and the requests for their continuation have been quite urgent. It is to be hoped that all interested in pest suppression will attend the meetings, take specimens of supposed infested twigs for examination, see the proper spraying material made and applied, and ask questions of the State's expert representative.

The other day a merchant in a nearby town saw a farmer receiving goods at the station from a Chicago mail order house, says an exchange. The goods were in his line and the same had been carried in his store for years. He approached the farmer and said: "I could have sold you every article you have there for less money than you paid the Chicago house and saved you the freight besides." "Then why on earth didn't you say so?" answered the farmer. "I have taken the local paper for years and have never seen a line about your selling these goods. The Chicago house sent advertising matter to me, asking for my trade, and they got it."

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Mildred Holder spent Saturday in Olean.

F. L. Holmes is in Chicago on business this week.

C. C. Choate had business in Bradford on Monday.

Miss Marie Purtle was a Bradford visitor on Saturday.

Guy B. Mayo was in Bradford on business on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Redfield were in Buffalo Wednesday.

Mrs. E. M. Cheeseman was a visitor in Olean on Monday.

Orlo J. Hamlin was called to Bradford on business on Monday.

Charles Broadbent of Camden, N. J., is visiting relatives in town.

Miss Martha Cramer is visiting friends in Clarion this week.

Mrs. W. F. Specht was a Bradford visitor the forepart of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Redfield were Bradford visitors Monday and Tuesday.

John Natello of Schnectady, N. Y., was visiting relatives in town this week.

Mrs. Mary Hussey is visiting her daughter, Mrs. John J. Miller, in Buffalo.

Editor S. R. Lindsley was the guest of relatives at Corning, N. Y., over Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Burdick of Kane were guests of friends in town over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. George J. Chase left yesterday for a ten days' visit to New York city.

James Pine has returned to his position as chauffeur for Mr. and Mrs. Samuel E. Bell.

Miss Gertrude Wallace of Port Allegany was the guest of Miss Rita Gorton over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Lyle returned Monday from a short visit with friends at Port Allegany.

Curt Witherow was called to Brookville Tuesday by the serious illness of his aged father.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wells of Harrisburg are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Burdick.

Francis Briendell, who is attending school in Allegany, N. Y., spent Sunday with his parents in town.

David McCarthy of Mt. Jewett and Mrs. S. F. McLafferty of Hazelhurst are visiting friends in town to-day.

Claud A Burdick of Cleveland, Ind., is visiting in town, called here by the serious illness of his father, C. A. Burdick.

Mrs. Lena Martin of Clermont visited friends in town this week and was a welcome caller at this office on Tuesday.

Mrs. W. A. Larned of Syracuse, N. Y., who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Scott F. Redfield, returned home on Tuesday.

Mrs. F. W. Brownell and daughter, Harriet, have returned home from a visit to friends and relatives in Buffalo and Hamburg, N. Y.

Misses Margaret and Dorothy McLaughlin and Paul McAllister of Colegrove were guests of Miss Vida and Forrest Nourse over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. V. S. Tyler and son, Verna, of Allegany, N. Y., were pleasant callers at this office yesterday. Mr. Tyler and family expect to move to Volant, Mercer county, Pa., about the 29th of this month.

Mrs. D. C. Young and Mrs. H. L. McCoy went to Kane yesterday where they are in attendance as delegates to a meeting of the Federated Clubs of Northwestern Pennsylvania, yesterday and to-day.

Miss Winifred Roeder of Farmers Valley left last week for Bradford, Buffalo, New York city and Boston on business connected with the Baptist Foreign Mission. She was accompanied as far as Bradford by her mother, Mrs. H. W. Roeder.

PROSPECTIVE POSTMASTER.

Fourth Class Postmaster Examination Saturday, March 16, 1912.

The United States Civil Service Commission announces that on the date named above an examination will be held at Hazelhurst, Pa., as a result of which it is expected to make certification to fill a contemplated vacancy in the position of fourth class postmaster of Class B at Marvindale, Pa., and other vacancies as they may occur at that office, unless it shall be decided in the interests of the service to fill the vacancy by reinstatement. The compensation of the postmaster at this office was $139 for the last fiscal year.

Age limit, 21 years and over on the date of the examination, with the exception that in a State where women are declared by statute to be of full age for all purposes at 18 years, women 18 years of age on the date of the examination will be admitted.

Applicants must reside within the territary supplied by the post office for which the examination is announced.

The examination is open to all citizens of the United States who can comply with the requirements.

Application forms and full information concerning the requirements of the examination can be secured from the postmaster at Marvindale, Pa., or from the U. S. Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

Applications should be properly filed with the Commission at Washington within 7 days before the date of the examination, otherwise is may be impracticable to examine the applicants.

Advertise in The Miner.

Are You

One of the lucky ones that got a SUIT HERE at a SAVING of from

$5.00 to $7.50

Yes, it was good luck to get a fine all wool $15 or $18 ALL WOOL Suit or Overcoat at

$10.00 or $12.00

There's still a splendid selection here at that price, sizes 34 to 42—it is the Best Clothing Bargain ever offered.

MONHEIMERS'

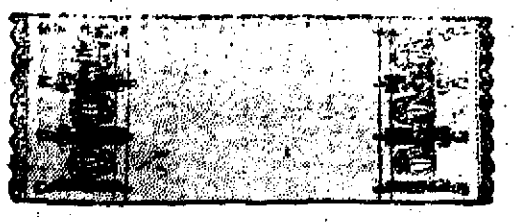
THE WORKING MAN'S STORE.

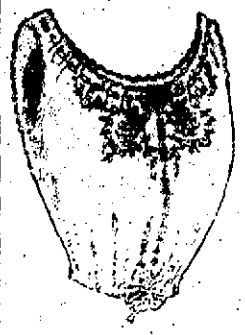
Ladies Home Journal Patterns — Arrow Shirts

FRY & COMES

The Store that sells "Mooltex"

New "Royal Society" Embroidery Package.





About two hundred packages representing all the new Royal Society designs and stitches are ready for you to-day.

As an aid to embroidery workers we have on display a large assortment of finished pieces showing new stitches and color effects.

Pillow Tops, Table Runners, Center Pieces, Broom Holders, Bags, Shirt Cases, Underwear, Aprons, Childrens' wear Tie Racks, etc.

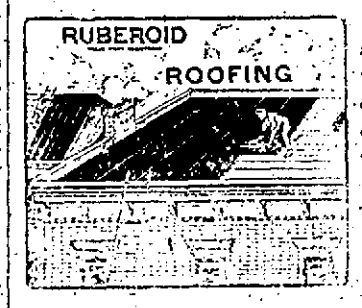
Prices for packages with material to complete the work

25c to $1.00

FRY & COMES

SMETHPORT, : : : PA.

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in your town.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

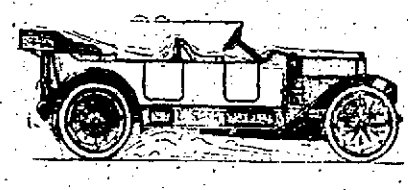
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

COUGH SYRUP

Get a bottle for that cough of yours. We have it, and we have the best that can be obtained anywhere. Price per bottle 10c, 25c and 50c. We also carry a full line of drugs. Special attention given to perscriptions.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE



THE new Columbia Silent Knight car is the last word in motoring and adds a new pleasure to the sport.

It is not an experiment nor is it untried. Like its European prototypes it is eminently worthy of the wide-spread interest that has been aroused for its power, flexibility and silence.

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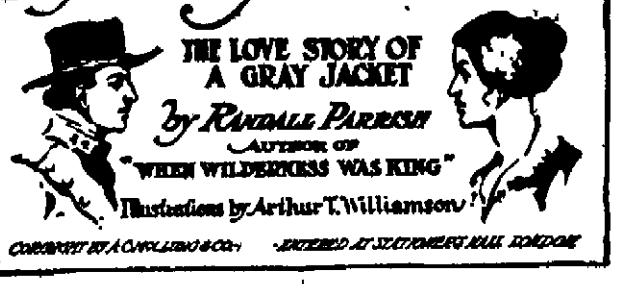
My Lady of the North



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CHAPTER XXVI.

The Scouting Detail.

This premeditated insult, which Brennan evidently dispatched broadcast in hope that through some unknown channel it might reach me, changed my entire relationship with the man. I have never felt that Brennan was at heart a bad man, he was hard, stern, revengeful, yet I have no doubt under different circumstances I might even have valued him highly as a comrade or a friend. There is no demon like jealousy, and his early distrust of me, fostered by that mad disease had apparently warped his entire nature. Yet not even for love could I consent to leave my honor undefended, and after those hateful words there could be no rest for me until our differences were settled by the stern arbitrament of the naked blade. All prudence to the winds no opportunity of meeting him should now to be cast aside.

The coming day was barely gray in the east when I was awakened by a heavy pounding upon the door. A smart looking orderly stood without.

"Captain Wayne?" he asked.

"That is my name. What have you, my man?"

"Compliments of Colonel Maitland, chief of staff, sir," he said handing me a folded paper.

Dear Wayne: the private note read. Believing you would be glad to have the detail I have just arranged to send you at once upon some active service. Please report at the equarters immediately, fully equipped for the field."

Glad! It was the very medicine I most needed, and within twenty minutes of my receipt of this communication I was with Maitland thanking him warmly for his thoughtfulness.

Not another word, Wayne," he insisted. "It is not much, a mere scouting detail over neutral territory, and will prove dull enough. I only hope it may help to divert your mind a trifle. Now listen—you are to proceed with twenty mounted men of the escort west as far as the foot hills, and are expected to note carefully three things. First, the condition of forage for the sustenance of a wagon train, second what forces of Federal troops if any, are along the Honey well; and third the gathering of all information obtainable as to the report of the recollection of guerillas for purpose of [illegible] lines. If time [illegible] you might cross over into the valley of the Cowskin and learn the condition of affairs there as well. Above all, keep your party and yourself as far as possible. Your men carry five days rations. You understand fully?"

"I do, sir, I presume I am to start at once?"

"Your squad under command of Sergeant Ebers is already waiting outside.'

'Are you all ready, sergeant?' I asked of the rather heavy-weight German who stood fronting me, his broad red face as impassive as though carved from stone.

'Ve vos, captain.'

"Where is the guide?"

'Dot is him mit der mule, ain't it?" he answered pointing with one huge hand down the road.

Very well, we will pick him up then as we go."

I cared so little as to whether or not he accompanied us at all, that we had advanced some distance before the thought of him again occurred to me. I knew the gentry fairly well and had experienced in the past so many evidences of their stupidity if not actual disloyalty, as to prefer my own knowledge of the country to theirs. My thought, indeed for several miles was not at all with the little party of troopers jogging steadily at my heels, nor, in truth, was it greatly concerned with the fate of the expedition. That was but service routine, and I rode forward carelessly enough, never dreaming that every hour of progress was bearing me toward the most important adventure of my life. It was the German sergeant who recalled me to the responsibilities of command.

Captain,' he exclaimed apologetically, riding up to my side and wiping his round perspiring face with great energy, 've are riding too hard, ain't ve? Mein Gott, but der horses will give out entirely, already."

'Is that so?' I asked in surprise at his words. A single swift glance around convinced me he was correct, for the mounts were exceedingly soft, and already looked nearly played out from our sharp pace. 'Very well, we will halt here."

With a sigh of relief he drew back, and as he did so my eyes fell for the first time upon the guide. As I live, it was Jed Bungay and when I stared at him in sudden amazement he broke into a broad grin.

'Durn if I didn't begin ter think as how ye'd gone an' clar fergot me, Cap."

"Not a bit of it, Jed," and I rode up to him and extended my hand. "But how came you here? Are you the guide?"

"Sure thing, cap, know this yere kintry like a buk. 'Jaded horsemen from the west at evening to the castle pressed.' By gum, you put Beelzebub an' me through a blamed hard jolt of it so fur.'

"Beelzebub?"

'Ye bet, thar mule. I reckon as how ye ain't gone an' forgot him, hev ye?'

"Bungay, what has become of Maria?'

The little man's eyes suddenly filled with tears.

"I jist don't know, cap," he answered mournfully. 'While I got hum ther ol' cabin hed bin plum burnt down, nary stick o' it left by gum' an' Mariar she wuz clean gone. Hain't seed neither hide ner hair o' her since, that's a fac'. An' I sorter drifted back ter you uns 'cause I didn't hev nowhar else ter go.'

Did you hunt for her among the old plantations along the valley?" I asked, deeply touched by his evident feeling. 'She very likely sought refuge in some of those houses."

He looked at me in surprise. "I reckon, cap, as how ye don't know much 'bout whut's a goin' on in ther valley fer ther las' few months," he said soberly, rubbing down his mule as he spoke. 'Tell ye what, thar jist baint no plantation houses left thar now, thet's a fac', leastwise not north-o' ther lines we uns sorter hol' onto yit. Sheridan he played hell with his cavalry raids, an whut the blue bellies left ther durned guerillas an bushwhackers wiped up es clean es a slate. Durn if a crow wudn't starve ter death in ther valley now. Why, cap, them thar deserters an' sich truck is organized now till they're mighty nigh an army, an' they don't skeer fer nuthin' less' ner a reg'ment. I see more ner a hundred an' fifty in one bunch up on ther White Briar two week ago, an' they're worse ner a parcel er pirates I reckon as how they got Mariar, but I'll bet she giv 'em a hot ol' time afore she done quit."

Rumors of this state of affairs to the north and west of our defending lines had already reached me—indeed, the verification had formed part of my instructions, but Bungay's homely yet graphic description made the situation appear terribly real and my thought went instantly forth to those I knew who might even then be exposed to this great and unexpected danger.

The very conception of Edith Brennan in such hands as these was agony. I felt I could never rest until assured of her safety, and since my order granted me full authority to prolong my journey, I might ascertain whether or not she yet remained within the valley.

Jed," I asked, my mind finally settled, 'do you know the old Minor plantation?"

Ol' Jedge Minor's place? Sure, it's up on ther south branch of ther Cow skin."

Have those fellows got down that far yet?'

Wal, I reckon not, but durn if I know fer sure, cap.'

"How long would it take us to reach there?'

Bout two days, I reckon."

I turned and looked at my men in some perplexity. They were scattered along the edge of the road, and only one group had taken the precaution to build a fire. The sergeant lay flat upon his back on a grassy knoll.

"Ebers,' I said sternly.

He arose ponderous, and came forward with a decidedly halting gait.

'Vos I sent for?' he asked.

Yes," I said, 'I want you to have the men get their supper at once, as we shall be obliged to ride a good portion of the night. Get the men to their supper. We shall go on in an hour."

How often since have I smiled at the expression upon his solemn round face as he turned ruefully away!

CHAPTER XXVII.

An Embarrassing Situation.

It was well into the third day when we came down into the fertile valley of the Cowskin. It had proven an uneventful ride thus far, for we had met with no adventures and had observed little worthy of consideration from a military standpoint.

While constantly observant of those points regarding which I had been dispatched, my one overmastering thought during all those hours was the possibility of again meeting with Edith Brennan and proving of some assistance to her. Her greeting of me in the Federal hospital had been so sweetly gracious, so marked with tender sympathy, while the memory of her words, and even more of the look which accompanied them, had so remained with me in encouragement that I longed to encounter her again. God knows what I hoped for, for I knew well it must all inevitably end in despair, yet like the moth I must continue to singe my wings until the flame devoured me. Now, however, as we actually drew near to where I supposed she might be, I felt my earlier courage fast deserting me. Nor was I furnished with even the slightest excuse for pressing on; my orders did not positively compel me to proceed, and nothing appeared along the way to lead me to suppose that harm of any kind threatened that peaceful valley. Everything meeting my eyes evidenced that here, at least, was with its attendant horrors had not come. Totally without the beaten track of those great armies which had battled so fiercely for the Shenandoah, it had been traversed only by a few scouting and foraging parties, and so short had been their stay that even the rail fences remained undisturbed to guard the fields, and nowhere did I note outward signs of devastation. It was Virginia as I recalled it in those old days of peace and plenty, before civil strife had sown the land with dead.

What possible excuse, then, had I for going there? In my own heart I knew I had none, or one so poor and selfish I scarcely durst whisper it even to myself; yet I rode steadily on impelled by my own weakness or drawn resistlessly by fate—whichever the real cause I know not—I would at least look upon those walls that had once sheltered her, would learn if possible if she was yet there. Then—well, in the bondage of my passion I hoped for what might happen, as every lover does.

It must have been two o'clock, we had halted our horses, I remember, an hour previous, and the Sergeant had enjoyed his noonday siesta beneath the shade of a great bush bearing purple blossoms. The road we had been traveling since early morning wound in and out among great trees, and crossed and recrossed the little stream called the Cowskin until I almost thought we had lost our way. We met with no one in all the long day's riding, not even a stray negro, and indeed it was some hours since we had passed a house of any kind. Leaving the brook behind us we toiled slowly up a long hill and at the top Bungay, riding beside me pointed to the westward.

Cap," he said, 'thar is ther Minor place."

The very sight of it in the distance was a thrill—a great white house placed well back from the road and almost hidden from sight by fine, large trees an old-fashioned, big roomed house it looked to be, built after the colonial type a wide veranda upon three sides, with fluted columns to support the overhanging roof.

'Hain't no signs es fer es I kin see of any trouble havin' 'curred thar,' Jed said slowly, his shrewd gray eyes roaming over the peaceful scene. "Somebody ter hum tew, fer ther chimley is a smokin'."

Of course, now I was there, the only sensible thing for me to do would have been to ride openly to the front door, and thus learn all I desired. But what man who loves who is continually swayed by hopes and fears, by strength and weakness, ever does the sensible thing? I had certainly intended doing so at the start but now my nerve failed me. She was the wife of another. I could not confess I had ventured to come to her in love nor could I look into those clear honest questioning eyes and lie.

Halt!' I ordered. Sergeant!'

I am here, Captain.'

Take your men down into that hollow yonder and remain there until I return. Better post a sentry on the hill here.'

It will be done, Captain."

I shall not probably, be absent more than an hour, so don't permit the men to stray.'

'Dot is it, Captain. I will be mit dem all over."

I rode down alone into the thick woods at the foot of the hill, and dismounting, tied my horse to a sapling. Then on foot I struck across the fields my intention being to come in by the way of the negro quarters at the rear, in hope of meeting some one from whom I might inquire relative to the great house and its inmates.

It was a slight upward trend of land I had to traverse, and although the house was a most sightly object and stood upon the very summit of the elevation, yet so surrounded was it with trees, both fruit and ornamental, I was enabled to make but little of its situation until I approached the outbuildings. I met with no one, nor could I perceive any negroes about the slave quarters. Yet the place did not bear the appearance of desertion. There were horses in the stable, a cat was curled up on one of the cabin door steps, and smoke continued to pour in a dull yellow cloud from the kitchen chimney. Altogether there was much in the situation to puzzle over, and I no longer regretted that I had exercised some caution in my approach.

The orchard, with the remains of a garden, lay between the house and the stable, protected by a low fence of whitened pickets. So far as I could observe it contained no occupant, and I pushed open the gate and started down a narrow cinder path which led between two rows of low bushes. To right of me was an extensive grape-arbor, completely covered with vines, the fresh green leaves forming a delightful contrast to the deep blue sky beyond. As I came opposite an opening leading into this arbor I suddenly caught the flutter of drapery and stopped instantly, my heart throbbing like a frightened girl's. It was quite dark beneath the vine shadow, and I could make out no more than that a woman stood there, her back toward me, busied at some task. Possibly she felt my presence, for all at once she glanced around, and upon perceiving me gave vent to a quick exclamation of terror.

"Pardon me," I said hastily, and removing my hat, 'but you have nothing to fear."

There was a moment's hesitancy on her part, and I knew I was being scrutinized by a pair of bright eyes.

"Surely," said a familiar voice, 'I cannot be mistaken—you are Captain Wayne."

Before I could even answer she stepped forth from her partial concealment and advanced toward me with cordially extended hands. It was Celia Minor.

"Well, of all men!" she cried gayly, her dark eyes smiling almost kindly welcome. "And Edith and I were speaking about you only yesterday. That is, I was, for really I do not recall now that Edith made any remark apropos of the subject. You have no idea, Captain Wayne, what a hero I have made you out to be. It would make you positively vain if I should confess, why Arthur has actually become so jealous that he has almost forbidden me even to mention your name in his presence. So when I want to talk about you I am compelled to go to Edith. She hasn't power to stop me, you know, but I'm sure I must bore her awfully. And then to think that when you stood there just now and I saw your gray uniform I actually thought the guerillas had come. My heart beats so now I can hardly talk. But how pale and haggard you look—is it that horrible wound which troubles you still?"

"I have been discharged from the hospital only a short time," I answered as she paused to take breath. Indeed, this is my first military service for several months, yet I am feeling quite strong again. Mrs. Brennan, then, is still with you?'

'Oh, yes, we have been here all winter long. It has been so dull for really nothing has happened and the valley is quite devoid of inhabitants—even the negroes have gone hunting freedom. But Major Brennan and Arthur are to be here this afternoon and sometime tonight we are all of us going away together.'

I gager as I was to meet Brennan I had no desire that we should meet in the presence of his wife. Better far better, would it be for me to leave at once and without even seeing her.

"You say you are about to depart?" I asked, determined to learn all possible regarding their plans. 'Do you go North?'

Yes to Baltimore and Washington. The guerillas are becoming so desperate in this neighborhood that we are actually afraid to remain here longer. They attacked the Cuyler plantation, only ten miles from here, two weeks ago, killed old Mr Cuyler, turned his wife out partially dressed in the middle of the night, looted the house of everything it contained of value, and then set it on fire. You see we have no men folks here, except two negroes, who have clung to us because they were so aged they were afraid to leave—just mamma, Edith, my old nurse, and myself. It seems so lonely and Major Brennan and Arthur both insist it is no longer safe. So they are coming with a cavalry escort to take us all North. I am sure we shall have a splendid time.'

You have experienced no trouble, then, thus far?

Oh, none at all—we have not even been bothered by scouting parties. Oh I do not mean you, you are no bother. But yesterday there was a horrible man here, he came to the kitchen door and asked all sorts of impudent questions. Mrs. Bungay actually had to threaten him with a gun before he would leave."

Is Maria Bungay here, then?'

Why certainly, do you know her? Isn't she a delightful old dear—just as good as a man."

'Her husband is with my party."

"Jed—really? Why, do you know, Maria has got it into her head that he had run away from her. I should so love to witness their meeting, it would be most interesting. But you must come into the house, Captain Wayne, Edith will be overjoyed to see you again, although you know she is never demonstrative, as I am. It must be awfully nice to be always cool and calm, don't you think?"

Determined that I would not be tempted, I yet hesitated, and my vivacious companion too everything for granted at once.

'Oh, before we go in, won't you do me a favor?" she asked. "But of course you will. I was trying to tie this grapevine into place when you surprised me, but I could not hold on with one hand and tie with the other. See what I mean?' And placing one slender foot upon a slat of the trellis she lifted herself up until she could barely reach the refractory branch. "Now," she said, smiling down upon me, "please just hold me here for a moment until I secure this end."

My hand was scarcely upon her in support when the slender slat snapped beneath her weight. As she fell I caught her with both arms. For a moment she lay, panting and startled up my breast; then, as with a little laugh she disengaged herself from my embrace, we stood there hand in hand and face to face with Edith Brennan.

Shall I ever forget the look within her eyes? How plainly I saw it, although she stood half hidden beneath the shadow of the vines. Amazement, incredulity, scorn were expressed there, yet even as I marked them all became merged into proud unconsciousness. She would have turned away without a word, but my companion stopped her.

'Edith," she cried eagerly, 'do you not see? This is Captain Wayne."

She turned toward me and slightly inclined her head.

"I recognized Captain Wayne," was her calm answer and regret greatly having intruded upon him. It was entirely unintentional and I have no desire to remain.

I could not have spoken at that moment to save my [illegible] me to realize the [illegible]

"Do You Not See? This Is Captain Wayne."

plainly placed upon the scene just enacted. Not so the girl at my side. Her cheeks flushed with indignation, and her audacity gave her speech which made matters even worse than before.

You are exceedingly free with your criticisms, Edith," she exclaimed sharply as the latter turned her back upon us. Perhaps it would be as well for you first to ascertain the truth.

You wholly mistake, was the calm reply. 'I have not presumed to criticise. Why should I? It is not a matter which interests me in the least. I presume you have no further objection to my returning to the house?'

She did not so much as deign to look again at either of us, but as she moved slowly out of sight Miss Minor turned and looked into my face with questioning eyes. What she may have read there I know not, but she sank back upon a bench and burst into a merry peal of laughter.

Isn't it perfectly ridiculous' she cried as soon as she was able to speak. Only I do hope she won't tell Arthur."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

We Capture a Courier.

The girl's light burst of laughter aroused me thoroughly to a sense of our situation.

You seem to derive much amusement from a condition of affairs almost intolerable to me," I said bitterly. "I have always valued most highly the friendship of Mrs Brennan, but this unfortunate occurrence will doubtless end it."

She glanced up at me, her long lashes wet but her dark eyes sparkling with mischief.

Oh she won't care so far as you are concerned,' she exclaimed indifferently. "But I suppose she will think I am perfectly horrid. Well I don't care if she does she might have waited and learned the truth first. Wasn't her face a study?' And how shall I ever explain to Arthur so that he will understand? I'm sure I have got the worst of it. Oh Captain Wayne is my hair all ruffled up?' I know I look like a fright. You must come in now, and we will explain to Mrs Brennan the whole matter. She cannot help believing us both, while I know she would be so cold and proud to me alone."

I shook my head decisively. Perhaps it was better ended so, at least I possessed no courage just then to face her indignation. She might but deem we had concocted our explanation, and would very likely receive it with all the scorn she felt it deserved. Besides, it was clear there was nothing I could do to aid them. I should be now merely an unwelcome intruder. An escort was to be there shortly to convoy them northward, and for me to be found in their company by Brennan would only inflame him and add greatly to the embarrassment of his wife's position. Much as I might long for immediate vindication in her sight, the plain duty of true love was to depart at once, and permit time to straighten out the tangle.

"You must pardon me," I hastened to say, standing hat in hand before her, "but it would not be best for me to intrude upon Mrs. Brennan after her late reception. I merely halted here in order to assure myself of your presence and safety. My men are even now waiting for me a few hundred yards away."

"But I wish you to meet Arthur."

"Oh, I think not, Miss Minor. I feel warm friendship for Lieutenant Caton, but we wear different uniforms, serve under different flags, and a meeting here, both with armed forces behind us, would naturally have to be a hostile one. However the Lieutenant and I might consent to a temporary truce, his superior officer, Major Brennan, would not likely prove of the same mind."

'Then you really must go?"

'Unless you specially desire to witness a cavalry skirmish in your front dooryard, I certainly consider it best," and I held out my hand. "Surely we part as friends, and I may hope that you will intercede in my behalf with Mrs Brennan?"

She rose up impulsively.

'How ridiculous, how supremely ridiculous' Why, of course I will, though I don't suppose Edith really cares very much, but she believed it would be highly proper to be shocked. I don't think she likes you so very well anyway Captain Wayne, for she never will talk about you."

With these cheering words ringing in my ears, and feeling thoroughly defeated in every cherished hope I strode savagely down the long hill and mounted my horse. How roughly fortune had buffeted me to be sure and how extremely small the inspiration left. Well perhaps I deserved it for ever permitting myself to love one whom I knew to be the wife of another. Doubtless she had seized upon this slight pretext to be rid of me, and was already rejoicing over its easy accomplishment.

In my agitation I forgot entirely the presence of Maria Bungay at the house, and ordering my men into saddle prepared for departure without giving a thought to the little fellow and his domestic troubles. I chose the road leading toward the northwest, for although I had not asked the question I conceived it highly probable that Brennan and his party would ride from the Federal calvary quarters at Colter's Church, and I had no desire to meet them. They were upon an errand of mercy of far greater importance than my revenge.

As we swung along through the heavily timbered land fringing over[illegible] Bungay pressed his mule into a trot and finally succeeded in ranging [illegible] side. Even in my disturbed mental condition I was amused at his unique style of riding, although I would not wound him by laughing.

"I say, Cap" he said, jerking the words out to the mule's hard trot, and grasping his saddle pommel desperately, "I sorter reckon as how ther'll be some fun back thar afore long less all signs fail.

Why? I stared at him now thoroughly aroused to the thought that he had important news to communicate.

'Wal" he explained slowly, "whin ye wint off, I sorter tuk a notion ter look bout a bit. Used ter be an ol' stompin' ground o' mine. So Dutchy an' me climb thet big hill back o' whar we halted and by gum, down thar in ther gully on t other side thar's a durned big camp o' fellers.

I reined up short and with uplifted hand signalled the men behind to halt.

Why didn't you tell me this before? I questioned sternly. How many were there? and what did they look like?'

He scratched the back of his head thoughtfully and answered with careful deliberation. 'Durn it, I didn't jine ye till after y'd started an' I reckon as how it took me all o' tew mile ter git this yere blame mule up ter whar I cud talk. Thar's quite a smart bunch but they had some pickets out an' I cudn't git close 'nough ter tell zackly. Dutchy thought thar wus nigh onter two hundred o' 'em, but I jist don't know. They wasn't dressed like sojers o' either army, an' I reckon they're out o' ther hills."

I glanced at my little handful of men scarcely knowing what decision it might be wise to make. Undoubtedly they would fight if occasion arose, but the odds were terribly heavy besides if Brennan came, and his party got away that same evening as was planned for them to do, then it might not be necessary for us to strike a blow. I was certainly in no mood to expose my small command merely to save the empty house from destruction.

'Ebers" I said turning toward the Sergeant who sat his horse with expressionless face, 'you were with the guide when he discovered this camp. How many do you think it contained? and who were they?"

'Vel, dere vos more as two companies, Captain, und dere vos some horses, but dey vos dressed—vot you calls it?—all ober not ner samo."

"Not in uniform?"

"Dot vos it."

"Have any of the rest of you seen anything that looked suspicious?" I asked, glancing around into the different faces.

"Maybe I did," answered one of the troopers named Earl. "As we rode up the first hill after leaving the house my horse picked up a stone, and I had to stop and get it out. I reckon I fell behind a quarter of a mile or more, and just as I started I looked back, and a party of ten or twelve fellows was just riding in through them big gates onto the front lawn. But them fellows was soldiers for sure, they rode regular like, and all of them wore caps. It was so far off I couldn't tell the color of their clothes, but them caps made me think they was Feds."

I chose my course at once. This undoubtedly must have been Brennan's party.

"Thank you, my man; it would have been better if you had reported that to me at once," I said. "However, I understand the situation much better now. Sergeant, we will go into camp here. Post pickets in both directions, but put your most careful men on that hill yonder. Let them report promptly any signs of fire to the southeast, or any sound of guns."

We completed all our cooking before dark, and when the night finally closed down about us it proved to be an exceedingly black one, although the skies were clear. Sleep was an impossibility for me, as my mind was in constant turmoil.

Ebers was lying next me upon the grass, solemnly puffing at his huge pipe, and I held my watch to the glow in its bowl in order to see the time. It was nearly midnight.

"Those fellows ought to be at it before this," I said to him, "if they intend to accomplish anything tonight."

"I dink so too," he answered slowly. "I vill see dot der guard is all right, an' den vill get some sleep, for I am pretty much done up already."

He arose [illegible] to his feet,

and stretched out his short arms in a prodigious yawn. As he stood there, his pudgy figure outlined against the sky there was borne to our ear the sound of a fierce struggle on hilltop to the north—shots flown a volley of curses, then silence. An instant

"Is It Possible This Is You?" He Cried Excitedly.

later we were both running through the darkness toward the scene of trouble

'What is it, Sands?' I questioned breathlessly, as I came suddenly upon the little group

"A fellar on hossback,' was the answer. "He come up on us like a streak out o' that black hellor, an' he'd a sure got away ef Mason hedn't clubbed him with his gun I've got the cuss safe collared now"

"Who are you? I asked sternly, striving in vain to see something of him through the darkness. "Where were you riding?"

I had scarcely spoken when our prisoner thrust Sands roughly aside and took one hasty step toward me

'My God, Wayne' Is it possible this is you?" he cried excitedly

"Caton?' I exclaimed as surprised as himself 'Caton? What is it? What is wrong Are you from the Minor house? His it been attacked?

Yes,' he answered panting yet from his exertion and excitement. "We were to start North with the ladies at nine o'clock, but the house was surrounded as soon as it became dark Those devils supposed it to be unguarded and advanced without precautions We fired and drove them back He had repulsed three attacks when I left at eleven but three of our men were already hit"

You were after aid?"

"I was striving to reach our advance pickets at McMillan It seemed the only possible chance, and none of the men would volunteer to make the ride One was killed trying it before I started God knows how I hated to leave them, but it had to be done How many have you?'

"Only twenty, but if we could once get inside along with your fellows, we might hold the house until reinforcements came."

"Thank God' I knew you would'" he cried joyfully grasping me again fervently by the hand 'You are not one to hesitate over the color of a uniform at such a time as this Only, Wayne,' and he hesitated an instant, "it is right I should tell you that Brennan is there and in command '

"I know it, but those women must be saved nevertheless," I answered firmly, my mind settled "This is no time for personal quarreling, and whatever color of cloth we wear those outlaws are our common enemies, to be hunted down like wild beats = I have seen specimens of their fiendish cruelty that make my blood run cold to remember. The very thought of those who are now exposed falling into such hands is enough to crase one; death would be preferable a thousand times How many fighting men have you?"

"Seven fit for duty."

"Will you ride forward, or go back with us?"

"We must send word"—and the gallant fellow's voice shook—"but God knows, Wayne, I want to go back If we both live I am to marry Celia Minor."

"I understand," I said gravely. "Ebers, who is your best rider?"

"It vos dot funny leetle yellow Glen, Captain."

"Glen, come here."

The trooper, a mere boy, with freckled face and great honest gray eyes, but wiry and tough as steel, pushed his way through the group and faced me.

"Glen," I said, "your Sergeant tells me you are the best rider in the troop. I am going to intrust you with the most important duty of all. The lives of every one of us and of four helpless women depend entirely upon your riding You take two horses, kill both if necessary, but stop for nothing until your duty is done You are to carry a note from me, and another from this gentleman, who is an officer in the Federal army, and deliver them both to the commandant of the first military post you find. Insist upon seeing him in person. It makes no difference which army the post belongs to, for this is a matter of humanity. The Federal outpost at McMillan is the nearest to us; make for there. You understand?"

The boy saluted gravely, all mischief gone from his face.

"I do, sir," he said. "But I'd a darn sight rather stay here and fight."

"You will be back in plenty of time to take a hand, my lad Now, men"—and I turned to the dark, expectant ring about me—"this is no ordinary duty of your enlistment, and I wish no one to accompany me tonight who does not volunteer for the service. Seven Federal soldiers and four women, three of them Virginians, are attacked at the house we have just left by a large party of bushwhacking guerillas, the offscourings of hell. Every one of you knows what that means Will you go with me to their rescue?'

No one seemed anxious to be first to speak. I could see them look aside uneasily at one another.

"Bungay," I said, "I feel sure you will go, for your wife is there."

"Marian?"

"Yes, Miss Minor told me this afternoon, but I had forgotten to mention it."

The little man sprang into the air and came down with a whoop.

"The bloody devils" he cried excitedly. "Ye bet I'll go"

"Come, Sergeant, speak up; what do you men say?"

"I like not to fight mit der Yankees" he admitted candidly, "but der vomens, py Chiminy, dot vos anoder ting I vill go, Captain; mein Gott, yaw"

"We're with you sir," spoke voice after voice gravely around the dark circle, and then Sands added' "We'll show them thar Yanks how the Johnny Rebs kin fight, sir

Ten minutes later Glen, bearing his two messages to the Blue and Gray, was speedingly recklessly through the black night northward, while my little squad was moving cautiously back over the road we had so lately traversed

CHAPTER XXIX.

A Mission for Beelzebub.

As we picked our way slowly forward through the gloom I gleaned from Caton all he knew regarding the situation before us. My own knowledge of the environments of the Minor house helped me greatly to appreciate the difficulties to be surmounted He had succeeded in his escape by dodging among the negro cabins where the attacking line appeared weakest, but expressed the conviction that even this slight gap would be securely closed long before we reached there. 'Have they sufficient men, then, to cover thoroughly all four sides?' I asked

To the best of my judgment, there must be fully two hundred and fifty in the gang and apparently they operate under strict military discipline. It is a revelation to me Wayne of the growing power of these desperate fellows I knew they were becoming numerous and bold but this surpasses anything I could imagine More, they are being constantly recruited by new arrivals A party of at least a dozen came in while I was hiding behind the stables I heard them asking for the leader'

What did they call him?"

Lory, or Laurie, or something like that They claimed to be deserters from Lee's army but two or three of them wore our uniforms"

'It's Red Lowrie,' I said gravely, more impressed than ever with the seriousness of the situation "I heard

"That Feller Thar Is Captain Wayne, o' My Ol' Reg'ment."

of him two years ago—he killed a man in the Sixth North Carolina, and took to the hills. Since then he has developed into quite a leader for such scum, and has proven himself a merciless monster. You have no suggestion to offer as to how we had better attempt to get in?"

He shook his head despondingly.

"What station does Brennan defend?" I asked.

"The front of the house; the main point of attack has been there."

We could distinguish the sound of firing by this time, and its continuous volume convinced me that Caton's estimate of the number engaged was not greatly overdrawn. As we topped the summit of the hill a great burst of red fire leaped suddenly high into the sky.

"Great God, Wayne! we are too late!" he cried wildly. "Those devils have fired the house."

With fiercely throbbing heart I gazed down at the flames far below in the black valley.

"No," I said with eager relief. "It is the stable which is ablaze. See, the light falls full upon the white side of the house. Thank Heaven, we are not too late."

As I sat my horse there, gazing down upon that scene of black rapine, unwilling to venture into its midst until I could formulate some definite plan of action, fully a dozen wild schemes thronged into my brain, only to be cast aside, one after another, as thoroughly impracticable.

"We shall have to make a desk for it, and trust in God," said Caton, guessing at my dilemma.

"No," I answered firmly, "there would be no possibility of success in such a course. Those fellows are all hands, and have pickets out. See, Caton, that is certainly a picket-fire yonder where the road dips. Every man of us would be shot down before we penetrated those guard lines and attained the house. We have got to reach their inner line some way through strategy, and even then must risk being fired upon by our own people before we get within cover."

Even as I was speaking I evolved a plan of action—desperate it certainly was, yet nothing better occurred to me, and time was golden.

"Ebers," I said, "didn't I see an extra jacket strapped back of your saddle?"

"It is no good," he protested vehemently. "It vos for der rain come"

"All right; hand it over to the Lieutenant here Caton, threw that uniform coat of yours into the ditch and don honest gray for once Sands, come here Take your knife and cut away every symbol of rank on my jacket; tear it off, any way you can"

In another moment these necessary changes had been accomplished

"Now," I ordered, "pile your sabers there with mine beside the road; then hobble your horses, all but the mule; I shall want him"

"Does we go der rest of der way on foot?" questioned the Sergeant, anxiously.

"Certainly; and I desire you to remember one important thing' let me do the talking, but if any of you are asked questions, we are deserters from Hill's Corps, tired of the war."

"Mein Gott!" muttered the German, disconsolately. "I hope it vos not long off, Captain; I am no good on foot in der dark by Chiminy.'

"You had better manage to keep up tonight, unless you are seeking to commit suicide Now, men, mark me carefully' Load your carbines Are you all ready? Sergeant, see that each man has his gun properly charged and capped You are to carry your arms as thoroughly concealed as possible; keep close to me always; obey my orders instantly, and to the letter. We are but twenty men pitted against over two hundred remember, and when we strike, it must be both quick and hard '

I mounted the mule, counted the dim figures in the darkness, and then gave the order to march As we moved slowly down the hill I was aware that Caton walked upon one side of me, while Bungay plodded along upon the other, but my mind was so filled with the excitement of our adventure and all that depended upon its successful culmination, as scarcely to realize anything other than the part I must personally play Good fortune and audacity alone could combine to win the game we were now engaged upon

A tall heavily bearded mountaineer stood squarely in the middle of the road to the north of the picket fire. I could make out but little of him as the light shone, excepting, that he wore a high coonskin cap and bore a long rifle

'Stop right thar'' he called out hoarsely, upon hearing us, "Who are you uns?"

As he challenged, a dozen others sprang up from about the flame and guns in hand, came toward us on a run

'We uns are doggoned tired o' soldierin', an' a gittin nuthin' fer it I said in the slow Southern drawl an wanter jine yer gang, pervidin' thar's any show fer it "

"How many are ye?" asked one of the newcomers, striding forward between us and the sentry

"A right smart heap o' a bunch; bin a pickin' o' 'em up ever since we left Charlotte," I returned evasively "They be dandies ter fight, an' I reckon as how ye kin use 'em, can't ye?"

"Maybe; who did ye want ter see?"

"Wal, they sed as how a feller named Lowrie was a runnin' this yere gang, an' if thet's ther way o' it, I reckon as how it's Lowrie we're after. Be you Lowrie?"

"Naw."

The answer was so gruff and short, and the fellow hesitated so long in adding anything to it, I began to think it was all off.

"Wal," he consented to say at last, ungraciously, thar's a blame pile o' ye kim in lately, an' I calculate we got 'bout 'nough fer our business, but I reckon as how Red will use ye somewhar. Anyhow you uns kin come 'long with me an' find out, but ye'll diskiver him 'bout ther ornerest man jist now ever ye run up again. He's plum mad, Red is, fer sartain."

He turned and strode off, without so much as giving us a backward glance, and, with a hearty congratulatory kick to the mule, I and my company followed him. A hundred yards further on we passed through the fringe of trees and emerged into an open space from whence we could see plainly the great white house still illumined by the flames which continued to consume the stables. Shots were flashing like fireflies out of the darkness on every side of us, the smell of burning powder scented the air, and I could distinguish the black forms of men lying prone on the grass in something resembling a skirmish line.

"Makin' a fight o' it, ain't they?" I asked of our taciturn guide, as we picked our way carefully among the recumbent forms.

"Damn 'em, yes, a hell o' a fight," he admitted bitterly.

Just beyond musket-shot from the house, and nearly opposite the front entrance, quite a group of men were standing beneath the black shadows of a grove of trees. In spite of the gleam from the fire I could make little of them, but as we approached from the direction of the rear, one of them exclaimed suddenly:

"Who comes there? What body of men is that?"

"It's 'nother party o' deserters, as wants ter jine us," said the guide, sourly. "They's Johnnies from Lee's army."

"Oh, they dew, dew they Who's ther boss o' this yere crowd

I swung down from my seat on the mule's back, and stood facing him, as he advanced.

"We uns hain't got no boss" I answered, "but they sorter follered along o' me 'cause I was astraddle o' this mule Be you named Lowrie?"

"I reckon; I'm Red Lowrie proudly "'Spect, maybe, ye've heard tell o' me, an' if ye hev, ye know we've got ter step damn lively when I howl. What wus ye in ther army?"

"Corporal"

The flames of the burning barn leaped suddenly upward, as if fed by some fresh combustion, and flung a brighter glare over the rough faces clustered about us I saw Red Lowrie plainly enough now, as he peered eagerly forward to scan my face, a heavy set, coarse-featured man, with prominent nose, and thick, matted red beard He wore a wide-brimmed soft army hat, under which his eyes shone maliciously, and he grasped a long rifle in one big, hairy hand. As I gazed at him curiously,—some one hastily pushed a way through the group at his back and the next instant a tall figure stood at his side. I recognized the newcomer at a single glance, and for the moment my heart fairly choked me—it was Craig

"Lowrie," he said, pointing straight at me, "thar's somethin' wrong yere That feller thar is Captain Wayne, o' my ol' reg'ment."

All that occurred next was but the impulse of a second I stood with hand resting lightly upon the mule's neck, his long head drooping sleepily beside my shoulder I saw Red Lowrie throw up his gun, all his evil nature written in his face his cruel eyes instantly aflame with anger, and, inspired by the desperation of our case, I stooped suddenly, and blew with all my force into that long, pendant ear. Beelzebub gave vent to one snort of mingled rage and terror, and then let drive, backing into that cluster of choice rascals like a very thunderbolt of wrath, clearing his way by every lightning blow of those nimble legs, and tumbling men to right and left. There was a yell of fright, a wild scramble for safety, a perfect volley of cursing—I saw Red Lowrie go tumbling backward, a heel planted fairly in the pit of his stomach, and the next instant Craig, swearing like a pirate, was jammed down on top of him, a red gash across his forehead It was all accomplished so speedily, that it seemed but a medley of heels, of wildly cavorting mule, of scrambling, falling men

'Fire!" I cried excitedly "Rock it into them lads and follow me!"

There was a quick outburst of flame, a thunderous report, and, without waiting to see or hear more I sprang forward through the dense smoke, and raced madly toward the front door Caton panted at my side, and I could hear the heavy feet of a score of men pounding the turf behind us The rush was so rapid the noise so great and confusing I could not distinguish whether we were even fired upon from the rear, but I marked a red flash at one of the windows in our front, and heard behind me a sharp wail of agony

"If any man drops, pick him up!" I called, and at that moment we sprang up the steps, and began pounding loudly against the door.

"Open up!" shouted the Lieutenant, anxiously. "Brennan, open up, quick! It's Caton with help."

I though it never would open. A volley crashed into us, and Sands pitched down upon his face, clutching at the man next him as he fell. I glanced back anxiously—a dark, confused mass of men, without military formation, were running across the open space toward us.

"'Bout face!" I shouted, "Load at will—fire!"

We poured one scattering volley into them. It halted their movement, for a moment, and then the door opened a scant crack

"Is this you, Caton?"

"Yes; for God's sake, open up!"

The heavy door swung slowly inward, and with a wild rush to be first, we surged headlong into the hall.

(Continued next week.)

Girls That Smoke.

Apropos of the Ritz-Carlton, New York's fashionable hotel that permits ladies to smoke, Mme. Simone, the Parisian actress, said the other day:

"Well, why shouldn't ladies smoke? There's nothing ungraceful in the habit. On the contrary, to see a pretty woman with a cigarette is a very charming picture

"Those who object to smoking among women have never, perhaps, seen smoking done decorously. Their idea of smoking is that of the old Provencal woman.

"A society girl, calling on this old woman in her cottage, took a cigarette from her gold case, fitted it in a tube of amber, and said:

"'You don't mind if I smoke, do you?'

"'Why, of course not, dearie! Of course not!' said the old woman. 'Jeanne,' she added to her servant, 'go fetch a spittoon!'"

On Second Thought.

"You know," said the Chinese philosopher, "that our nation really invented gunpowder."

"Yes," replied the court official, "and when I see the trouble we are having I can't help thinking it was rather foolish of us"

KIND HE WEARS HIMSELF

Clerk Sells the Editor Some "Non-Itchy" Underwear But His Veracity Is Doubted.

We believe in giving every man the benefit of the doubt. We do not like to attack anyone's veracity in basic Often men have deceived us as to facts and conditions, but always we have liked to think they were mistaken. We have gone our way confident that they had not intentionally led us astray.

But there is a certain clerk in a certain underwear shop in this town whom we would not believe again under oath We were in search of some new white undergarments We hesitated in our choice The clerk saw that we were slipping from his grasp, to-wit: that he was about to lose a sale.

"Now this garment," says he, "is one of the kind that I always wear myself"

Pulling back his coat and shirt sleeve he exhibited his undergarment. Aside from the fact that it wasn't quite as clean it looked like the very stuff on the counter.

"Does it itch?' was asked

"Not a bit," he replied. "That's the beauty of this make I've never had any trouble You can put a suit of this right on and it won't bother you a particle"

He looked so honest and straightforward and frank when he said it that we fell for his line of talk. That we haven't known a moment's peace since we need not relate. What we wish to emphasize is the fact that that young man, with the honest countenance must have had a back red with itching and scratching when he told us that unmitigated falsehood. His legs and arms must have been crimson with irritation, yet he stood right up there and denied it Either that or he lied when he said that he wore the kind of flannels he sold us Even as we write we hardly know whether to finish this sentence or get up and scratch our back against the door—Detroit Free Press.

Knowing One Another.

I have a friend who says:

"When I first saw the Oriental rugs of the professor of our new red brick high school building's wife, hangin' on the line, I says to myself: 'No Not that woman I won't never vote for her for president of the Ladies' Aid. She ain't one of us' And while they was votin' that day I set over in one corner feelin' mean, and thinkin': 'No You don't get no ballot out of me You ain't folks.' And then the next mornin', while I was gettin' breakfast she comes walkin' across the yard between our two houses, and she calls: 'Oh Mis' Arthur I'm makin' Johnny Cake, and I can't tell whether you put in soda or bakin' powder Which do you?' And when I'd told her how, and she'd started back I stood inside the screen door just lookin' after her And I thought: 'Why, no hand Underneath your Oriental rugs you was like that all the time Why you're folks—'"

The thing is as simple as the light: Get that it knew one another Is the process Social centering is the way to work it out And is the last democracy is the answer.—Zona Gale in La Follette's Magazine

"Geological Tuberculosis."

The Washington monument at the national capital, highest of stone structures, and designed by its builders to stand as long as the pyramids, is suffering from a disintegration that, while not immediately fatal, will shorten its life, says John S Mosby, Jr., in the December Popular Mechanics Magazine.

The great shaft, 555 feet in height, consists of walls 15 feet thick at the base. These walls are made up of an outer facing of marble blocks and a four-foot inner wall made of granite and other hard stone. Between these two walls there is a filling of heterogeneous stone, held together by a cement. This describes the first 100 feet, which is the part now affected This part was built continuously from the beginning of the structure Then, for years, the construction halted at that height. It is the interior filling between these walls that is now, through the deadly effect of heat and cold and dryness and dampness attacking it alternately, beginning to disintegrate and ooze out between the joints of the outer wall and the crevices made by the action of the elements.

A Real Delicacy.

A New York clubman who prides himself on his knowledge of things epicurean was much interested in an item he discovered in the menu laid before him on the occasion of his visit to a town of the middle west. The item was "green bluefish."

"Waiter," demanded the New Yorker, "what sort of bluefish are green bluefish?"

"Fresh, sir," quickly responded the servitor. "Right from the water."

"How dare you impose upon me?" continued the clubman. "You know well enough that bluefish are not taken at this season."

Whereupon the waiter picked up the menu and gave it a careful scrutiny, as if by that action he would solve the mystery. Then, with an air of one suddenly enlightened, he added:

"Oh, that, sir? That's hothouse bluefish."—Lippincott's

Logical Progress.

"The new show went like a breeze"

"I was told the backer had to send a lot of drafts"

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EMIL THAMM

MANUFACTURER OF

Fine Cigars

Wholesale and Retail Dealer

AVOIDING INJURY BY SCALE.

A resident of one of the suburban districts of Philadelphia having heard that certain fruits, such as the Kieffer pear and sour cherry, are practically immune to the attacks of the San Jose scale, wrote to State Zoologist H. A. Surface, for information in regard to the same. The reply of Professor Surface was as follows:

"Replying to your recent letter making inquiry concerning the San Jose scale and what fruit are immune to the attacks of the same, I beg to say that you have been reliably informed to the effect that the Kieffer pear and the sour cherry, as a rule, are not injured by it. In rare cases I have seen the scale upon these fruit trees, but it very rarely injures them. However, there is another point to consider here, and that is, that because of this very fact the Kieffer pears and sour cherries are being produced in numbers in regions where the scale has destroyed other kinds of fruit trees, and as a consequence these fruits have become very abundant and low in price. Often the only remnants of previous general orchards are the Kieffer pear trees and the sour cherry trees which are yet bearing.

"I most earnestly recommend that instead of trying to avoid injury by scale by planting Kieffer pear and sour cherry trees, that the fruit grower plant the best varieties of fruits obtainable, and then give the trees proper care. The San Jose scale can be controlled with the boiled lime-sulfur solution, and the trees benefitted by the application of this liquid. This is about the only material that is being used in this State now for scale control, and it is also the only universally successful and satisfactory remedy. It is by all odds the cheapest, the least injurious to the trees and the most sure to kill the scale, when applied strong enough. In fact, unlike the oil sprays, it benefits the trees instead of injuring them.

"Fortunately, we have passed the stage in Pennsylvania when we hesitate to plant trees because of fear of pests that may attack them. Our progressive horticulturists know what to do for such pests, and those who do not know are invited to make use of the services which this State extends to them through the office of its Economic Zoologist at Harrisburg, as well as services obtainable from other sources."

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending March 2, 1912:

Beake, Meyer
Green, R. A.
Moore, Miss Alyce
Pippin, Mr. Orin
Eigner, Geo. (foreign)
Kottejan, Mr. Majk (foreign)
Andras, Mr. Kagz (foreign).

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

For Sale.

Three good work horses. For particulars inquire of

2t HEWITT BROTHERS,
R. F. D. No. 3, Smethport, Pa.

A "Typical" Russian Scene.

At our feet, moored to one of the supports of the bridge, was a flat barge, and on it a soldier, in a black tunic and high boots, was washing his linen himself; he must have climbed down the bridge to get there.

There was not a sound in the air, except the splash made by the washing. And then from the plain, dusty, rutty road a whole line of flat carts creaked along, one in front of the other, five of the foremost being without drivers; all of these carts were full of sacks. Alongside of the sixth walked the owner, a bearded peasant, dressed in a brown leather and very dirty coat lined with sheepskin. And every now and then he influenced the march of the line of carts by shouting a word or two to the horses. Not long after this the line of carts crossed the bridge and turned into the town, and the creaking died away in the distance; the lazy stillness fell upon the place once more; and so great was that stillness that the whole landscape seemed like a colored slide of a magic lantern.—Maurice Baring's in "The Russian People."

Remembering the Absent.

"I guess I'm getting into this social game all right," said Mr. Cumrox. "Be polite and courteous, yet formal. That's the idea."

"What have you been doing?" inquired his wife, sharply.

"You know them people who sent regrets because they couldn't come to our party?"

"Yes."

"Well, after I saw the party I sat down and sent 'em congratulations."

Proof.

"Our neighbor has a great deal of push about him, hasn't he?"

"I should say he has. He has enough to get through the crowd of women getting on the cars to secure one of the front seats."

Boys Again

After dinner Mannows, who had gone east on a business trip, went out for a walk. Presently he found himself passing the buildings wherein he had had education forcibly instilled in him.

"Forty years old!" he said, a trifle indignantly, at length, "I don't believe it!"

As he still stood and stared some one passing bumped into him. Mannows, catching sight of the face in the glare of the street lamp, whirled him around. "Bill!" he bowled. "If it ain't Bill!"

The captured man, after one look, broke into exclamation points.

Two rather portly men dancing on the sidewalk are apt to attract attention, so Mannows and his friend moved on.

"I was just mooning over the time when I was hiking up those steps," explained Mannows. "Greatest old college on earth, that!"

"Not while Harvard is still running," said Bill.

Mannows laughed, remembering. "Terrible rows Harvard and Tech used to have, eh? Odd how hot-headed boys will get. Why, I remember calling you every name in the dictionary because you were so cheaty over Harvard and sneered at Tech! Tech meant more to me then than family, friends or fortune! I felt that you had insulted me personally!"

"So did I," confided Bill, "when you did a highland fling the time Tech licked Harvard at football! I remember meditating how satisfying it would be to slay you. Bloodthirsty little denions, college boys."

"That they are," agreed Mannows. "Too young to know better! It takes years to drill a little sense into them! Ever go back on class day?"

"I went two years ago," said Bill. "I tell you it made me feel good to see what a splendid class of fellows Harvard turns out each year!"

"Uhhuh," said Mannows. "Of course, Harvard is bigger, but when you come right down to it I guess the men who go to Tech are about the cream of the lot. Fine chaps, good families and all that."

"Oh, yes," said Bill. "But nothing like Harvard. I tell you——"

"Oh, come now, Bill," Mannows broke in complacently. "Of course, it's all right to stick up for your alma mater and all that, but you're old enough now to look at things with a sane and unprejudiced eye, and you must acknowledge that the mere fact that Tech is a scientific school would bring to it a brainier, more earnest set of students than would attend an ordinary university! Fellows with some real purpose in life, you know, and with aims—no society butterflies with more cash than brains ever chose Tech!"

"Well, just because Harvard isn't crammed with a lot of fellows with bulging foreheads doesn't hurt it, I'd have you know!" said Bill, warmly. "They are all around men who take an interest in all sides of life. I hate a narrow man! And in athletics—"

"Now, now!" interrupted Mannows, warningly. "You are never going to dig up that Gensler game, are you? Harvard never could take a licking gracefully—"

Bill stopped short and shook his finger under Mannows' nose. He tried to speak three times before he could get out the words. "Licking!" he repeated in strangled tones. "No one but a prejudiced, unfair, sponge-headed Adiot of a Tech man ever would have agreed to that umpire's decision. If Harvard wasn't euchred out of a fair game by the most underhanded, unjust, outrageous decision that ever—"

"Everybody saw Gensler when he cheated!" Mannows shouted. "Everybody! Nobody with a grain of decency in him would have dared to claim that game! Harvard showed the yellow in her all right by having the sneaking nerve to object! She should have hid her head in shame! The Harvard men should have been egged off the grounds! They should have been ridden on a rail! All of the—"

"You with your bribed umpire!" Bill yelled. "I'd talk if I were you, yes, I would! Of all the disgraceful acts of Tech that was the limit! From top to bottom Tech is a moth-eaten, disreputable—"

"I'll punch your face!" Mannows bellowed, shaking his fist. "If you don't take back your slanders on the best—"

Stepping off the curb at the unnoticed crossing, both Bannows and Bill reeled, grabbed and fell in a heap. A passing boy helped them up. "Eyes must be getting bad," he commiserated.

Mannows and Bill paused to look after him.

"Say," exclaimed Bill, a bit sheepishly, "blamed if I haven't got a boy of my own as big as that—he enters Harvard next fall!"

"Umph!" said Mannows. "I'm an old fool! I'm 40!"

"I guess we'd better call it square!" said Bill.

A Mean Fling.

"When you told Miss Slicer that I created a ripple in Paris, did she seem to be envious?"

"No. She said she guessed you fell into the Seine."

The Quest

Anything that is homeless arouses one's sympathy and a homeless cow should naturally share in this outpouring of kindly emotion. But the night that the McLane's cow lost her happy home nobody in the summer community sat up and wept in tender commiseration.

Just why the cow should have chosen to wander from the comfortable, hay stuffed barn toward dusk when the McLanes' man had his back turned for a fatal instant is one of the mysteries of bovine phychology which nobody can figure out.

In something like a panic she lumbered along through the trees until she saw a light. "Aha!" said the cow, "home at last."

The light shone from the cottage occupied by Miss Atkinson, a maiden of a considerable number of years, who was entertaining at the moment three other staid and elderly women at bridge.

Just as one of the three had said disgustedly that she made it spades Miss Atkinson, who was facing the porch, gave a bloodcurdling shriek and her cards flew all over the room.

"A man!" she hissed. "There was a man peering in through the porch screen door! He disappeared when I jumped!"

One of the bravest of the four ventured out to the porch and in a quavering voice demanded to know who was there, while the others supported her with the carving knife and the broom.

Nothing answered from the silence, which made it all the worse.

The guests put Miss Atkinson to bed with the hot water bag and the smelling salts and locked every window in the cottage. Then, shivering with fright, the three held hands and bolted for the hotel.

It was a little later that the Bundy cottage was upset. Mrs. Bundy had put the children to bed and was crocheting while her guest, Mrs. Hilton, was reading aloud a particularly gruesome detective story. Suddenly Mrs. Bundy made a startled clutch at Mrs. Huton's wrist and said: "Lis-a-ten!"

Mrs. Hulton heard it, too. "Th-th-there must be t-t-two of 'em!" stammered Mrs. Hulton. "I can hear four f-f-feet just as plain!"

There certainly were several different footsteps outside the cottage—slow, careful footsteps. There was also deep breathing. Then something blurred against the low diamond-paned window over the corner window seat. Thereupon Mrs. Bundy gave a cheep like a strangled chicken and nearly went over backward in her rocker.

Holding the family revolver at arm's length and with her head turned the other way, Mrs. Bundy sat down again and they listened. There was nothing to be heard. They passed the rest of the night on guard.

Farther down the lake shore, on the rustic seat facing the moon, Laura Spilger and her young man sat talking. Their absorption in each other was so great that they heard nothing until something strange was thrust over Laura's left shoulder. Young Burmaster made a wild but futile grab at Laura as she leaped in the air.

Landing on the extreme edge of the slippery terrace, she tumbled down into the lapping waters with a gurgling splash.

Then as young Burmaster, too, sensed the presence of something weird and inexplicable he felt his scalp twitch in freezing horror, and leaped after Laura. Hand in hand they arose, dripping, and stood affrighted in the two feet of water at the shore's edge.

From the Spilger's cottage came questioning rumblings. Laura's father was demanding to know the reason for all that uproar. Getting no answer, because the two in the lake were still paralyzed vocally, he came forth to investigate.

"What do you want?" he roared at something creeping by. "I'll teach you to prowl around my house, consarn you!" Presently there was the spiteful pop of the little Spilger boy's air gun.

Nothing happened. The Spilgers and young Burmaster sat up very late discussing the mystery. It was discouraging to the Spilgers to find that their peaceful summer home was getting just like every other place, and one had to lock and bar doors and windows and take in the washing at night.

The Doggetts were roused from slumber by some one fumbling at the kitchen window. At the Plunkett's some one was distinctly heard at the chicken house. Mrs. Pilkins said she heard footsteps on the Pilkins' front porch that night and the Pikes reported that their mignonette bed had been trampled.

At an impromptu mass meeting a the next morning the cottagers voted to spend $50 a month for a watchman. Then they took naps all the rest of the day to make up for their wakeful night.

But early that same morning a weary and homesick cow had broken into a gallop as she spied the McLanes' barn and in two minutes more she was munching her feed and switching flies

STOLE FOR MISTRESS

INTELLIGENT DOG HAD OBJECT IN "LIFTING" GOOSE.

Therefore His Owner Insisted That He Was Not a Thief, and Magistrate Was Forced to See Things in the Same Light.

A live goose and a Scotch terrier occupied the attention of Magistrate Dodd for a longer time than any other case on the calendar in the Manhattan avenue police court, Williamsburg, the New York Sun says. The goose was the property of Joseph Rudolph, a roofer at 1079 Grand street, and the dog, named Kusch, belonged to William F. Donges, who lives at 913 Flushing avenue. Donges was accused of stealing the goose, and in stoutly denying the allegation he pulled out from under his coat the dog, and setting him on the judicial bench, said he was the thief.

Rudolph said that Donges was employed by him as driver, and Donges brought home the terrier. The particular goose that was stolen was kept with others in the back yard, and all were being fattened up for the holidays. Rudolph said that the dog ran about in the yard and finally the cackling of the geese drew his attention, and he saw Donges' dog making off with the fattest goose across the open lots toward the Donges home. Kusch had pulled his quarry out of a hole in the fence and with his teeth gripping one of the goose's legs made off with him.

"That goose," added Rudolph, "was worth at least $1.75, and when I told Donges about it he laughed, and said he couldn't help what the dog did. He wouldn't pay me, so I told him I would hold him responsible and got a warrant."

When a policeman went to Donges' house and arrested him, Donges took along the dog, and both were locked in the prisoners' pen. A friend of Donges took along the goose, whose right leg was somewhat disabled as the result of being dragged over the rough ground to the Donges home. As Donges placed the dog on the judicial bench he said:

"Your honor, my dog is very intelligent. (Kusch nodded approval with a bow wow.) My wife is an invalid and I cannot afford to provide her with all the delicacies I should like to. Whether or not the dog knew the position I was placed in I don't know. How did I know that he was going to steal the goose? I'm willing that Mr. Rudolph should have back the goose. The goose isn't much hurt. I don't think it was right to arrest me for stealing when I am innocent."

After a moment's hesitation Magistrate Dodd said:

"I can't send Donges to jail because he has committed no crime, and the dog can't be arrested, because there is nothing in the statutes applicable to the case. The only way to settle the matter is for Rudolph to take back his goose and withdraw the complaint."

Rudolph consented and Donges was discharged. He took along his dog and Rudolph got the goose. Donges is out of a job.

Sermons and Impressions.

In listening to a sermon or other address, there is this to be said: The next day, or perhaps the next hour, one cannot accurately report a single thing that is said. One may give an impression, in a very imperfect way that the whole discourse has made upon him, but as to any definite instruction, that is almost universally lacking.

A man will say: "That was a fine sermon," but to quote a line from it accurately is quite impossible. That has been our experience. We will feel the glow of an idea, maybe, but just what that idea is we cannot say. Perhaps it is not necessary. Perhaps it is well enough to feel only the influence of what was said.

Still, one should learn something definite from every sermon he hears. There is never a sermon that has not something in it worth remembering. One need not agree with it altogether, but if it is a sentence or a thought that has a beauty, a harmony, an appeal in it, it is worth calling to mind next day.—Ohio State Journal.

Named After Literary Men.

The death of Alfred Tennyson Dickens recalls the great novelists' penchant for naming his children after distinguished literary men and particularly after his contemporaries.

His eldest son, born in 1837, he christened after himself, Charles Culliford Boz; his first daughter he named simply Mary; the second daughter, Kate Macready; the second son, born in 1841, Walter Landor; the third, born in 1844, Francis Jeffrey; the fourth, Alfred Tennyson; the fifth, Sydney Smith; the sixth, Henry Fielding, and the seventh, Edward Bulwer Lytton. Of these only Henry Fielding, who, like his namesake follows the law, now survives. One wonders somewhat why he passed over his great friend, John Forster, and his greatest contemporary, Thackeray.

Surgeon's Idea.

"Modern surgery has made great advances."

"But you can't make a crooked man straight."

"Oh, I don't know."

"What do you mean?"

"You can take away so much of his money that he will have to keep straight."

BOTH BOATS WERE HELPLESS

Captain, for Variety's Sake, Tells Story of Men Who Were Not Rescued at Sea.

"I suppose you've heard plenty of stories about men being rescued at sea," remarked the captain of a steamer on a line plying out of New York, "and for that reason I'm going to tell you a story, for variety's sake, about some men not being rescued at sea. It was one of the worst experiences I ever had since I've been a sailor.

"It was in the middle of a terrible hurricane, and the boat I was on was just barely manageable. All we could do was to keep steering way on her and trust to weather the storm.

"Well, at the very worst of it, when the wind was howling like mad and the waves were almost burying us, we heard a yell from out somewhere on the sea. The next moment we caught sight of a sailing vessel not more than a few hundred yards away, evidently in distress.

"Soon we were so close to her that we could see she had lost one of her masts and was absolutely at the mercy of the storm. We could plainly see her sailors clinging to the rigging or hanging on to whatever hadn't been washed off her decks. What was worse, we could plainly hear them shouting to us for help.

"But—there was nothing whatever we could do. You are not a sailor, and perhaps you can't understand what I'm telling you, when I say that we simply had to stand there on our boat, listening to those men in their agony, yet we couldn't so much as throw them a rope.

"Why? Because our boat was barely manageable itself, as I told you. We were fighting the storm just as hard as we could. If we had stopped we would have lost steering way and run the risk of being swamped. Also, we stood an excellent chance of being rammed against that disabled boat and sending ourselves and it to the bottom. As to throwing them a rope—first, we couldn't throw it far enough for them to reach it, and second, there was the probability of the rope's getting tangled in our propeller and spoiling our chances of escape.

"There was nothing—nothing whatever—for us to do. And, I tell you, it was a terrible thing to scoot past those poor devils hanging on to that hulk and hear their cries growing fainter and fainter in the distance. I've never forgotten the sound of them."

A dog thief—not a dog stealer, but a dog which had been trained to steal—has been arrested by the French police. He was caught "en flagrant delit," we read, when he was in the act of stealing a pair of lady's shoes from an establishment in Noisy-le-Sec. His procedure was so cunning that it left no doubt among the police that the dog's was no "untutored mind."

Nothing could be drawn from the animal at the police office, so it was decided to shut him up without food. After some hours confinement the dog was released and a police cyclist was in readiness to follow the dog home. But the "best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley."

The dog when liberated instead of rushing home deliberately walked to the other side of the road, and there sat down on a doorstep and awaited events, every now and again throwing suspicious glances at the police in waiting. Finding that there was no chance of the dog going home he was again taken into the police office and sent to the fourriere, where he met an untimely end.

American Airs.

A woman recently back from foreign parts has a grievance against the way in which military bands there play American airs, states the New York Press. To begin with, says this woman, two-thirds of the bands and orchestras of Europe think "Dixie" is the national air, and this mistake is not difficult to comprehend, as applause generally greets this tune. Next in popularity comes "Columbia, Gem of the Ocean," and, strange to say, then comes "Old Dan Tucker."

No amount of expostulation avails to change this notion. "The Star Spangled Banner" is reserved for solemn occasions, and it must be confessed Americans are not wildly enthusiastic over it. Not one in a thousand remembers three lines of the verses, not even the school children who shout them every day. "Maryland" is popular, but the tune is that of the old Presbyterian hymn, "Beulah Land," and may be heard wherever Scotch and English folks gather.

Heard in a Newspaper Office.

"Honesty is the best policy."

"I wish I could believe it, but I have in mind the woman who sent in an advertisement reading like this: 'Wanted—A husband with money; object alimony.' Did she get an answer to her advertisement? Not one."

Pots of Glass.

A process has recently been invented in France to produce glass flower pots at very low cost. The pots are like ordinary flower pots, both in size and shape. They are said to be more substantial and have proved to resist the pressure of ice or frozen earth better. Being handsome in appearance, they are fine for potted sale coverings that soon get soiled. When sunk into the earth they remain clean, as neither dirt nor moss adheres. The inside walls being smooth, plants can easily be slipped out, and they are, therefore, excellent for potting plants with many roots. The thickness of the glass, with the consequent lack of porosity, is also said to be an advantage, for the air remains sweet longer in a glass pot than in an ordinary pot, and there is less danger of roving out. While the initial cost of glass pots is somewhat higher, they are really cheaper in the end, because more durable.

In Mr. Balfour's Early Days.

Apparently Mr. Balfour's powers as a politician did not impress those with whom he came into contact during his early days. According to that famous veteran parliamentarian, Sir John Eldon Gorst, who was a prominent member of the famous "fourth party" to which Mr. Balfour first attached himself, no one expected that Arthur Balfour would one day be a leading statesman and premier. Says Sir John, "He was a good speaker when others inspired him, but we did not take him very seriously. His aesthetic tastes and love of music were something of a joke among us. So much so, in fact, that Lord Randolph Churchill would say:

"'Go and take my wife to a concert, Balfour, while I stay at home and talk real business.'"

The Natural Trend.

"I know of one place which should be a paradise for real estate men, the ground rents show such activity."

"Where is that?"

"In the earthquake region."

This Was a Lucky Hunter.

"What sort of luck did you have on your hunting trip?"

"Great. I missed two guides that I shot at by mistake."

Very Low.

Dolan—I see th' doctor at Rafferty's. Annybody sick?

Kelly—Rafferty is. His wife's had twins again!—Puck.

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